

# THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

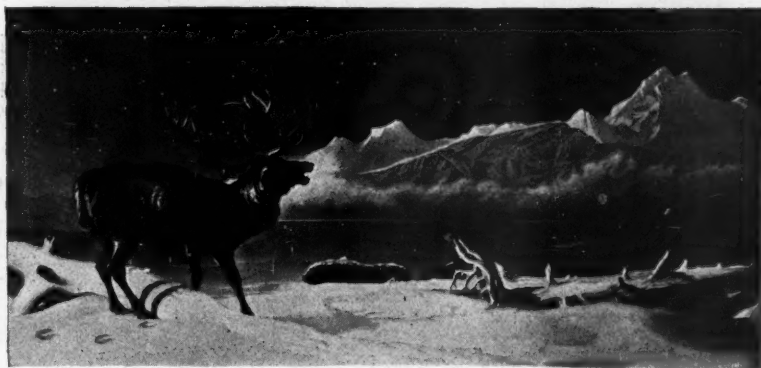
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## THE LAST OF SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S HOUSE

BY CHARLOTTE ROSALYS JONES



The Challenge

**T**HE progress of civilization sweeps away many interesting landmarks, and it has no more potent assistant than the railway, whose iron hand—like Death in Horace's Ode—knocks with grim impartiality at door of palace and hovel alike, and summons them to disappear and leave no trace behind.

Necessary as it is, it seems deplorable that a house so crowded with artistic associations as the home of the late Sir Edwin Landseer should be demolished to make way for ordinary modern mansions to be constructed for the accommodation of some hundreds of tenants. The site of whose present residences will form the roadbed of a new and important railway system.

Several visits to the empty and spacious house in St. John's Wood Road, and numerous confidential chats with the old man in charge of the property, revealed some interesting facts. With pardonable pride he announced that he was William Pedder, the former gardener of the great artist, and, in his declining years, his personal attendant and constant companion.

There was a perceptible tremor in Pedder's voice when he said, pointing to the ringbolts in the studio floor: "There is where I used to tie the animals that Sir Edwin used for models, and almost the last picture he painted was of me a-holdin' two dogs." It seems that this picture, with another of a donkey race, was really signed by the artist and given to the excellent Pedder, who sold them to some member of the Landseer family.

When the house was bought by Sir Edwin Landseer, it was an unpretending place, but, as his fortune increased, he gradually turned it into a luxurious mansion, arranged to suit his own tastes and to afford him the most favorable facilities for pursuing the art to which he was so devoted. The very house seemed emblematic of the owner's art life, which was one constant stride towards the realization of his ideals, and one could not fail to be

eral which were made when the lad was five years old.

In Monkhouse's fine folio devoted to Landseer there is an excellent reproduction of a drawing of two sheep made when the artist was eight years old; another of the "Senegal Lion," drawn a year later, shows that even at that tender age the boy who was destined to become the most famous animal painter of his time evinced a most appreciative knowledge of the animal world.

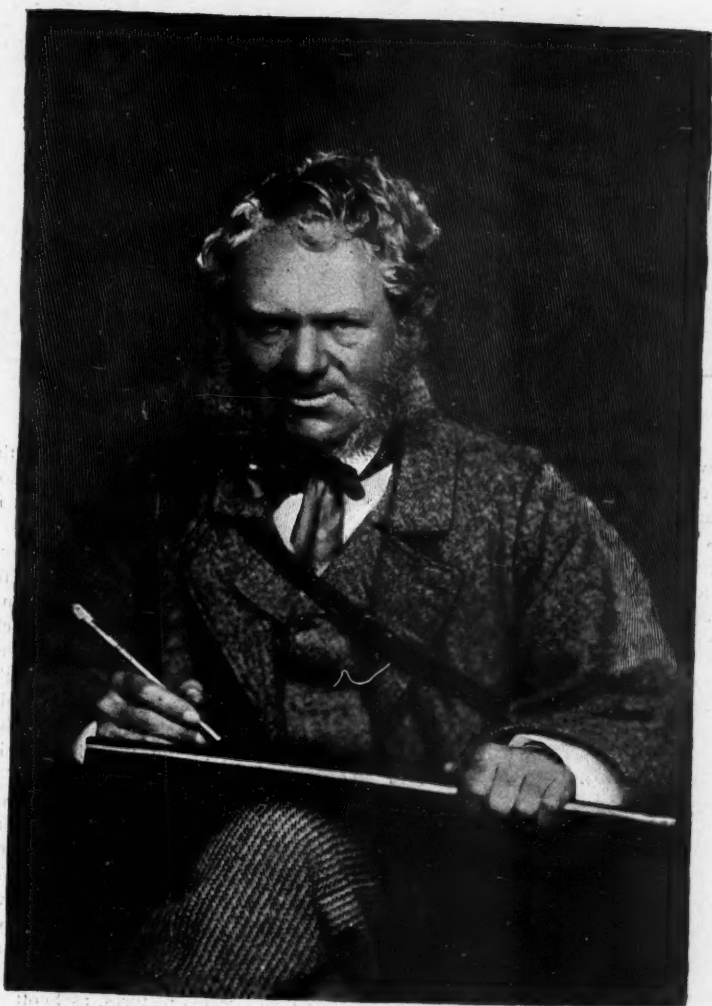


The Shepherd's Chief Mourner

reminded of some points of the great painter's history as the empty rooms were traversed for the last time under the sympathetic guidance of his old attendant.

The artistic precocity of the boy Landseer is well known, as his father who fostered his son's talent in every possible way, reserved from a large number of the boy's productions sev-

At thirteen, young Landseer appeared as an honorary exhibitor at the Royal Academy, sending two simple studies, the one of a mule, the other of a dog and puppy. In this same year he posed as the model for Hayter's Academy picture of "The Cricketer." In the following year a more notable portrait was made of him by Leslie, the famous American artist, who represented on his



The Late Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.



Lion at Trafalgar Square, London

canvas a scene from Shakespeare's "Henry VI.," where Clifford murders young Rutland. The latter character was a portrait of Edwin Landseer kneeling with a rope around his wrists. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and afterwards passed into the gallery at Philadelphia. Even then,

Fuseli, the venerable keeper of the Academy, called him his "little dog boy," so much genius had he shown in drawing his favorite animal.

In 1824 Landseer made his first tour of Scotland with Leslie and Sir Walter Scott. The pleasures of deer-stalking, once tasted, he repaired year after year to the Northern wilds, and was more prone to bring away sketches from the chase than antlers. In his roomy studio he enlarged or developed these sketches into some of his most celebrated pictures.

It is certain that Scott's novels made a deep impression upon Landseer, and the friendship between the two great men must have been mutually helpful. It has often been stated that Sir Edwin Landseer resembled Scott in his mode of work, except that he kept less early hours; that he loved to lie in bed late, and compose his pictures, as Scott did his novels, in the transition period between sleeping and waking. But his old attendant denies this statement, and asserts that his master was an early riser, and that it was just as much his habit to paint with marvelous rapidity from eight o'clock till dark, as to take

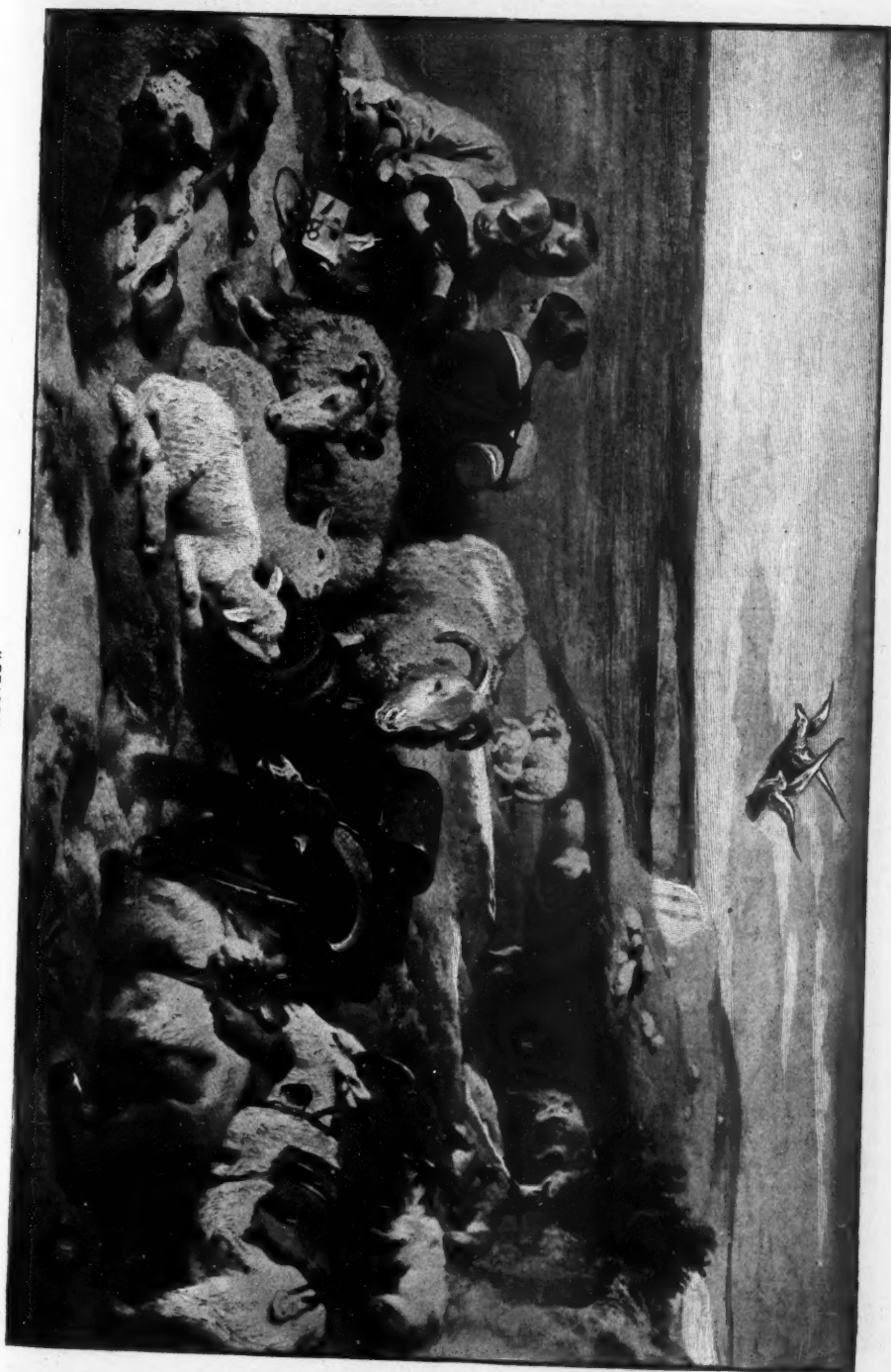


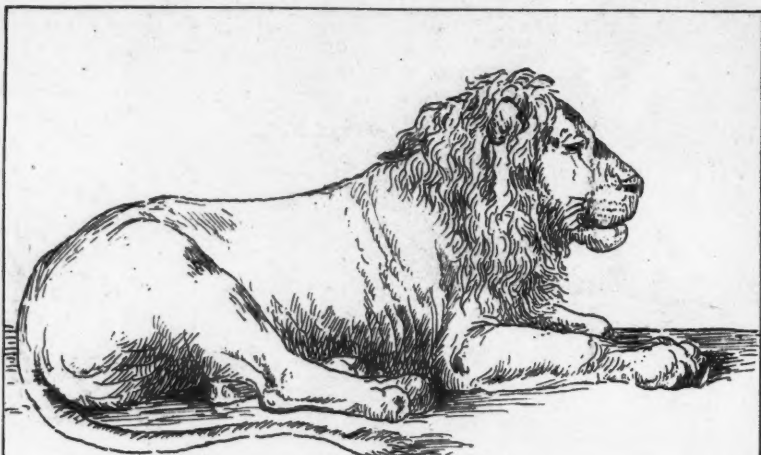
William Pedder

Gardener for Sir Edwin Landseer, and Last Personal Attendant.



"PEACE"





*Senegal Lion from Easter Charge in 1811.  
drawn by Edwin Landseer aged nine years*

up his station on a small seat outside his studio, and there remain for hours perfectly idle. It has also been said that the initials "E. L." could be found on the back of this favorite seat, but a close inspection revealed no such evidence of petty vanity; the man who has signed some of the most celebrated pictures of modern times had no need to



*Sketch drawn by Landseer  
At the age of eight*

leave his initials cut on a piece of perishable wood.

There are, indeed, many accepted statements concerning the house that do not bear the light of investigation. It has been said, for instance, that it was called "Maida Vale," after the pet dog of Sir Walter Scott, which Sir Edwin had painted while on a visit at

Abbotsford. Certain it is that he painted the picture, but it is equally true that the house has never been known as anything but simply No. 1 St. John's Road, until within a few years, when it has been known as No. 18.

It was here that his neighbors were astonished at the spectacle of the Queen waiting at Landseer's door while he mounted one of the groom's horses to ride with her; the reason being that he was to paint Her Majesty on horseback, and this enabled him to study his royal sitter. This incident was of great importance, because Sir Edwin was the first person to become a familiar guest at the Palace from the artistic or literary circles of England after the accession of Queen Victoria. Her Majesty has always been extremely fond of dogs, and it is said that her first act after returning from her coronation was to lay aside her sceptre, take off her crown and robes, and wash her little spaniel Dash.

Under such a Queen the great painter of dogs was certain of royal notice, and he became a welcome guest at Bucking-



"WAR"

ham Palace, Windsor and Balmoral. On such familiar terms was Landseer with Her Majesty that, being a most punctual person himself as regarded engagements, he actually dared mention to the Queen, on one occasion when she came to the studio for a half hour

The studio, which has been the scene of many royal visits, was a large room, with neutral tinted walls and carefully arranged windows to regulate the light. The high, double doors, through which Landseer's living models were brought to be attached to the ringbolts in the



A Naughty Child

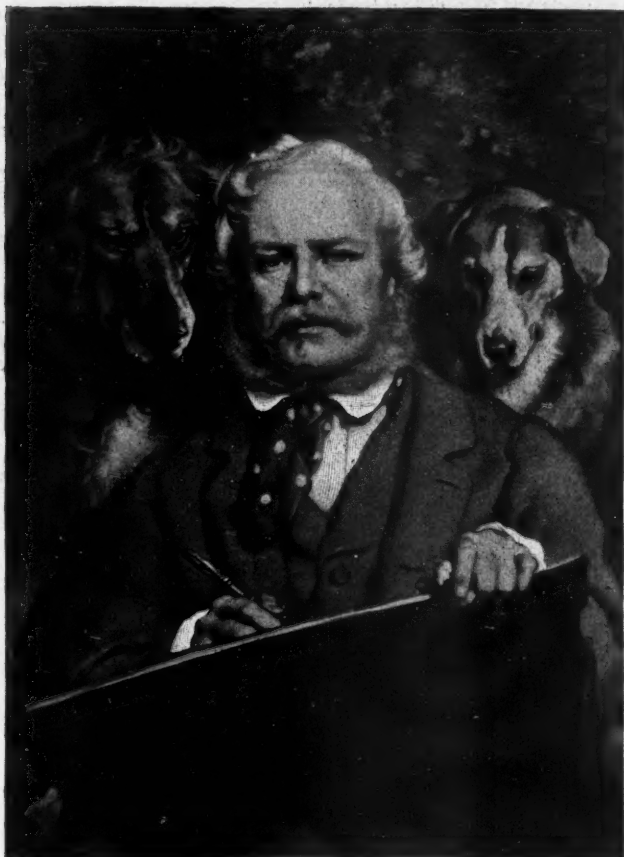
appointment, that she was three minutes late.

"Never mind, Landseer; never mind," replied the Queen, good-naturedly.

"And she didn't go over her time," said the faithful Pedder, "for I let her in, and I let her out; and I know she stayed just twenty-seven minutes, because I timed her by my own watch."

floor, were large enough to admit the enormous canvasses and frames he often required; and later on, when finished, the pictures that have become household words, were taken out to be exhibited, engraved and distributed all over the world.

The room, empty as it was, seemed full of memories; only the impressions



Sir Edwin Landseer and his Dogs

of the frames on the wall remained, one particularly deep line indicated the place where the "Monarch of the Glen" hung while awaiting an appropriation from the Government to buy it for the Refreshment Rooms of the House of Lords; the bill was never passed, and so this well known picture was finally removed, to become the property of Lord Londesborough.

Near the studio was a room devoted to the hanging of unfinished sketches, which were made on mill-boards of generally uniform size; when needed, they were brought out into the studio to be modified, or the idea car-

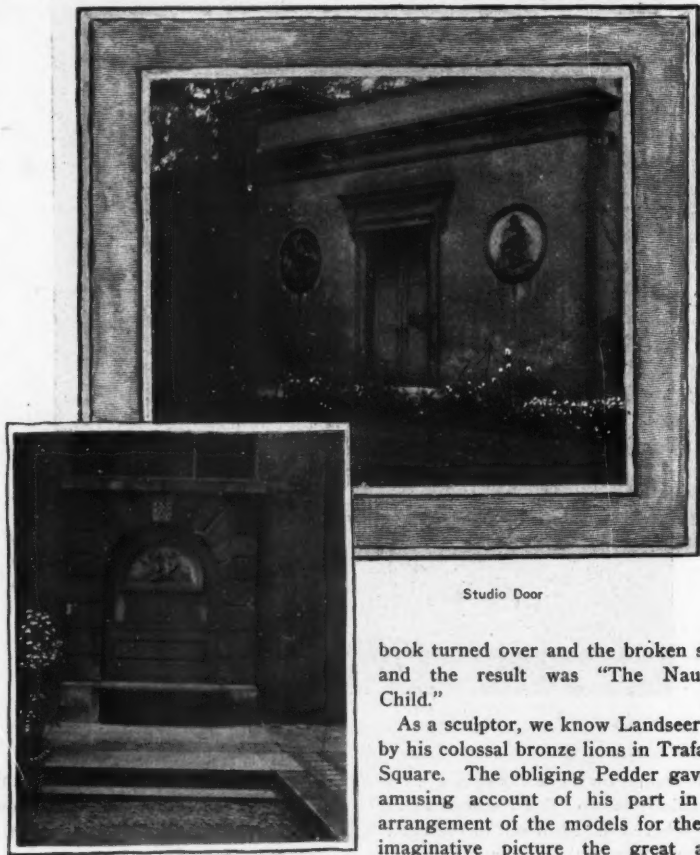
ried on into other pictures; in this manner such subjects as the famous "Peace" and "War" were treated; the artist's favorite method, however, was to paint directly from the model, and his favorite model was always the dog, for which he reserved his love and enthusiasm throughout his life.

One of the secrets of Landseer's popularity was his choice of subjects; he never forgot to reflect the spirit of the times. When the Arctic explorers set out, with the eyes of all England following their dangerous course, he painted the polar bears finding the



Union Jack on the untrodden ice, and named it "Man Proposes, God Disposes." In the days of Rarey and the horse-breakers he exhibited the "Taming of the Shrew," "Free Trade" and "Protection," with Disraeli's portrait in

anxious to have his portrait painted; but the prospect of standing still so long by no means suited the views of the youngster, who accordingly retired to a corner in a very sulky manner. Landseer added the poor dress, the



Studio Door

Sir Edwin's Favorite Seat,  
Outside of Studio

the latter, made as interesting a subject to Englishmen of that day as the same idea treated differently would to Americans at this period.

A good deal more of Landseer's time than is generally supposed was given up to the painting of children. Into this very studio came a small boy one day, brought by his mother, who was

book turned over and the broken slate, and the result was "The Naughty Child."

As a sculptor, we know Landseer best by his colossal bronze lions in Trafalgar Square. The obliging Pedder gave an amusing account of his part in the arrangement of the models for the last imaginative picture the great artist painted, in which the cast of one of the famous lions was placed on a pedestal in the garden and a young lamb was tethered near it. Despite all their efforts, the lamb refused to assume the peaceful position required in order to realize the prophesy that "the lion shall lie down with the lamb." At last, becoming discouraged with the obstinacy of his meeker model, Sir Edwin retired to luncheon, leaving word that he should be notified when the proper

"pose" was secured. "I watched," said the old attendant, "until that lamb sidled up and lay right down by the lion, and then I went and tapped lightly on the window, and Sir Edwin came out; but he could not get the view he

change his mind'; and then he made a sketch in less than ten minutes."

From an aesthetic point of view, the house, now doomed to fall under the pick-axe of the demolisher, was disappointing; but it must be remembered



Wild Cattle at Chillingham

wanted, for a full blown almond tree stood right in the way. 'Cut down that tree, Pedder, and don't disturb the lamb,' said Sir Edwin to me; and back he went to his luncheon. In no time I had it down, and out came Sir Edwin, and he said to me: 'Pedder, you're my man; you don't give anyone time to

that thirty or forty years ago the art revival in architecture had not set in, and the London of that day contained none of the artistic red brick and red tiled structures now so common in its streets and squares. Still, the house, or, rather, the mansion—for its size entitles it to the dignity of that name—was not

without a certain charm. The stuccoed exterior was toned down by age to a sober and not unpleasant gray, which harmonized well with the luxuriant verdure of a garden which was almost without rival in London.

The architecture, of the pseudo-classic style, which was popular at the period, although not picturesque, gave scope to the owner's partiality for adding to and enlarging the interior. Here and there on the outside Landseer had let into the wall plaster bas-reliefs of classical subjects. Along the cornice of the porter's lodge was a cast of a portion of the frieze of the Parthenon. The grounds about the house consisted of nearly three acres of prettily diversified gardens and lawns, with trees of a size unusual in London, among them an ancient mulberry tree, destined, perhaps, to be converted into souvenirs and sold as "Landseer tobacco boxes."

Sir Edwin Landseer received at this very house more notable people than any other artist has ever done, with the exception of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Not only the royal family honored him with frequent visits, but the Dukes of Bedford, Devonshire, Wellington, Athole and Abercorn were his friends, and gave him sittings, as did Bulwer, Disraeli and Paganini. Landseer was on terms of intimacy with Dickens, Thackeray and Sidney Smith; and it is easy to realize how he found his original dining-room too small wherein to entertain the brilliant coterie of friends that surrounded him in his later years.

A spacious billiard-room testified to his love of the game, and this seemed to have been his only recreation, except a daily walk to the "Zoo."

One could fancy the congenial party of friends, brought together by hasty messages from the artist at the eleventh



Landseer's House. (Front View)

It seems a pity that so charming a spot should be uprooted. Even the contractor for the work of demolition feels a pang at the prospect, and in conversation actually unbent his mind and confessed he hoped to be able to spare at least one tree as a memorial of the spot where the great painter lived and worked and died.

hour, dining in the new room, with its Pompeian decorations; and then, perhaps, adjourning to the studio, to find a lion, which had died at the Zoological Gardens, occupying a corner, or a donkey might still be tied to its ringbolt in the floor, forgotten by the painter when he had suddenly decided to give a dinner party. When the studio walls were

covered with pictures, his distinguished guests no doubt indulged in friendly criticism, and Landseer himself was among the gayest of the critics; but after they were all gone, and the faithful Pedder had closed the doors and extinguished the lights, Landseer was often overtaken with fits of depression, and these, at the last, almost developed

and the art world were present. Eloquent sermons were preached the following day by Bishop Claughton and Dr. Hessey. The latter referred to the "Artists' Corner" of the Cathedral in the following striking passage:

"Where Reynolds lies, great in his delineation of man, happiest artist in seizing and perpetuating the noblest and



"Artists' Corner," in St. Paul's Cathedral

into melancholia. He was so devoted to his art that he always remained a bachelor, and his sister presided over his house.

From this place in St. John's Wood a memorable company of mourners followed the great artist to his last resting place in the southeast crypt of St. Paul's. All the members of the Royal Academy who were not detained by illness, representatives of the royal family

best expression of mind in his features; where Turner lies, happiest artist in fixing the sunbeam as it flitted over some glorious landscape or venerable ruin; there Landseer has taken his place. He sleeps with them, side by side, happiest artist of another part of the creation, the animal world, which, like His other worlds, the Great Artificer of the universe hath made beautiful in his time."



The Good Shepherd  
From a Painting by Franz Mollitor

## CHRIST AND HIS TIME\*

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

### THE WORLD AWAITING JESUS

**The Fulness of Time—The World Awaiting Jesus—The Jews of the Dispersion—  
The Preparation in Palestine—The Reception of John.**

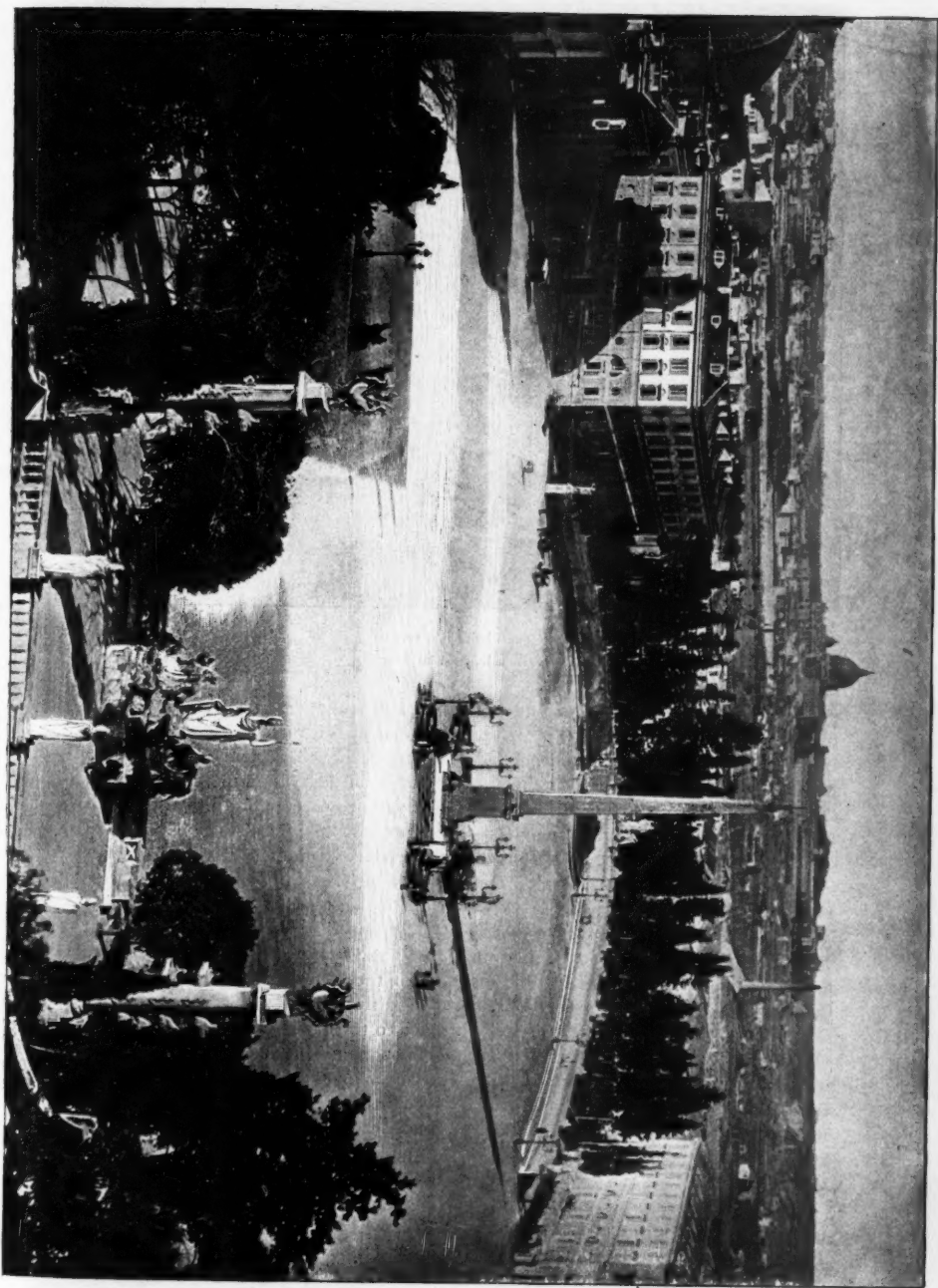
**T**HE thirty years of obscurity and humble home life are done. The fulness of time is come, and God sends forth His Son. Jesus is prepared to go forth from Nazareth into the world, not a village carpenter, but the world's Messiah. And the world is prepared to receive Him. The hour has struck for both Jew and Gentile; Israel's needs have reached their greatest depth, her hopes are at their height; Greece has given the world a common tongue, a common civilization, and in her philosophy a common preparation for the

higher truths of Christianity; Rome has welded the notions into a single world-realm and given law and order to the whole; and Jesus comes into the world with His Everlasting Kingdom as the world under Rome comes out of narrow nationalism into universal empire.

This period of transition marked the crisis and the climax of Roman and of ancient history. Rome was the centre and capital of the nations. She had pushed her empire to the boundaries of the world. There was nothing beyond these borders worthy of conquest

\* Christ and His Time was begun in November, 1896.





Rome, from the Piazza del Popolo, St. Peter's in the distance



The Forum in Rome  
From a Restored Drawing

and possession. From the mountains of Scotland to the jungles of Africa, from the Atlantic to the lands beyond the Euphrates she held sway, unifying the most dissevered lands and peoples, and incorporating their heterogeneous civilizations into a Hellenized-Romanism, with factors Judaistic, Oriental and even Germanic.

Rome the city has become Rome the empire; but the stupendous transition had not come about without revolutions in every phase of life and thought. Christianity was born while the world was in the throes of these changes, and it was this universal upheaval, shaking the foundations of society, that broke up the heathen soil of the world-field and made it ready for the seed of the Gospel.

This preparation of Rome was three-fold: material, intellectual and religious. Life and property of Roman citizens everywhere were safe. The din of great battles was over, for there were no more

lands to subdue; and Augustus ruled over a world of peace and security. "Safe are now land and sea; the cities flourish in unity and peace," says an inscription commemorating one of the celebrations to Augustus. This could never have been said of the world before, and it was a condition very necessary to the missionaries of Christianity.

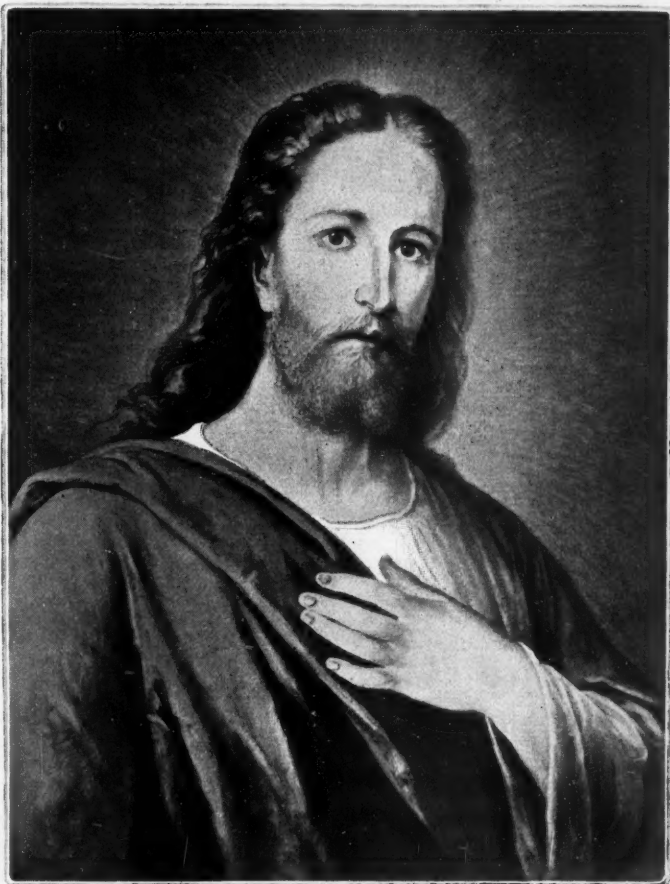
Not only had she brought peace, but in building up her empire, Rome broke down the barriers of national hostility and distrust and threw all the world open to travel and commerce. From the golden mile-stone in the Forum, roads, superior and thoroughly guarded, radiated to the limits of Roman territory. They ran like a net-work over every province. They were the warp in the weaving of the vast and many-patterned fabric of the empire.

Travel and trade increased to enormous proportions; students went to and fro among the famous schools; new lands were opened; new cities built;

new schools founded, and the interchange of thought and customs in this transportation of soldiers, officials, scholars, tradesmen and tourists brought society to the standstill of perfect ripeness.

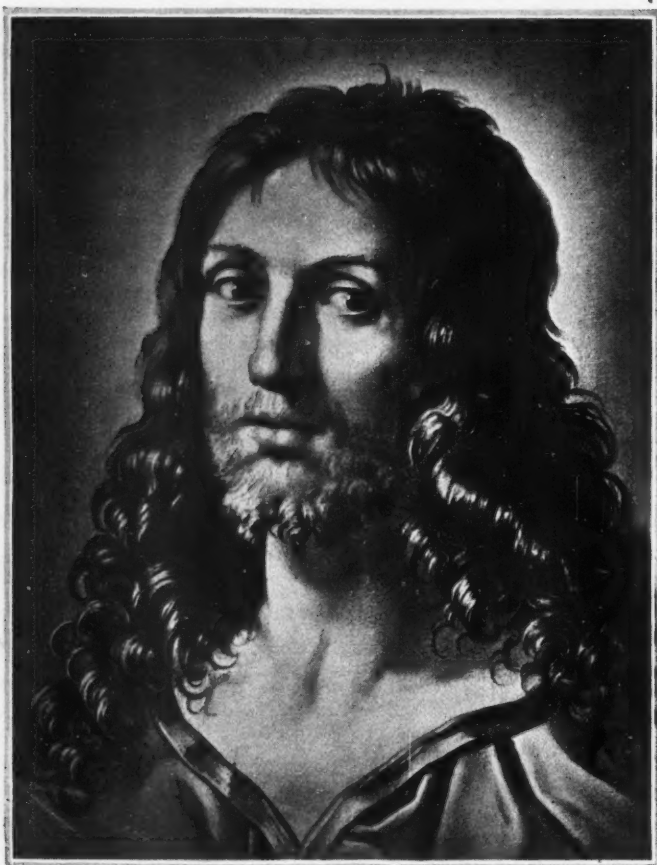
Greek culture had already spread itself largely, but Rome took it up and completed the scattering. The rich and flexible Greek tongue Rome made the common medium of intercourse. St. Paul, speaking the Greek current in Jerusalem, could go into any city of the world and be understood.

Greek philosophy, subtle, beautiful and lofty, had leavened all thought. Western Judaism, even, had become hellenized, and through Herod Greek culture had modified the very life of Palestine itself. But Hellenism, while it marks the highest level to which the human mind, unaided by revelation, ever attained, and embodies many pure and sublime ideals of God and man, still failed to satisfy the human soul in its solution of the problems of life and destiny, and in this failure woke the needs for something higher, and



"The promised Saviour of Israel is at hand"

From a Painting by R. Heck



"In Whom the Kingdom would be realized"

From a Painting by A. Caracci

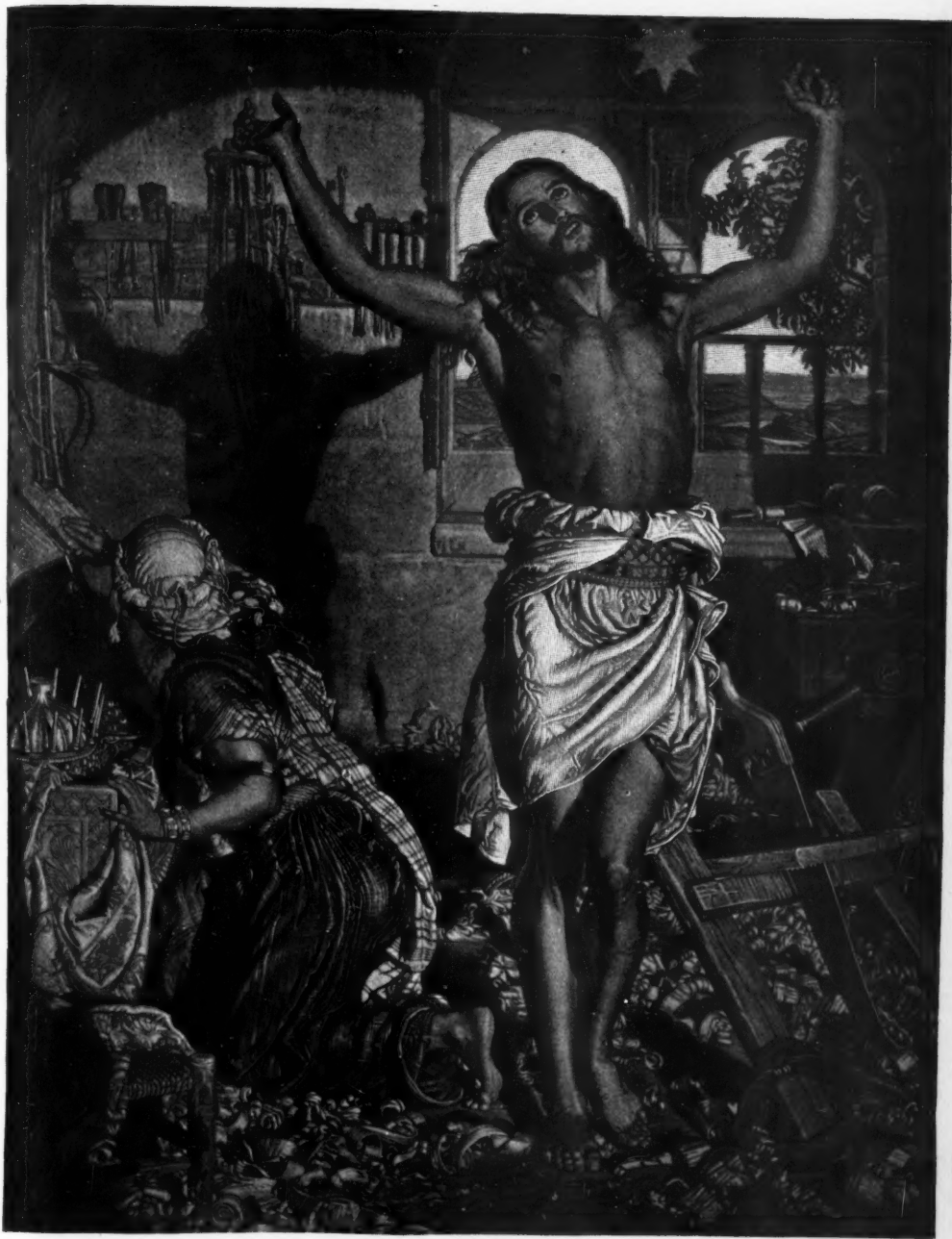
thus opened a door for Christianity. There was no conflict between "the good, the beautiful and the true" in Hellenism and Christianity. In point of time, then, Greek philosophy was a forerunner of Christianity, and in modes of thought it was an easy stepping-stone to many into the higher truths revealed by Christ.

With this material and intellectual high-tide, the religiousness of the age also reached its flood, while at the same time morality, completely divorced from worship, ebbed into stagnation, and its pestilential waters dripped poison into

every spring of national life. There was much good moralizing, however. Stoicism uttered many sentiments that were worthy of Christianity, but it numbered only a few characters among its representatives who could have borne the name Christian.

It lacked all power to regenerate and quicken moral life, and like epicureanism, its base and sensual rival, led finally to despair.

Despair was written over the door of every Roman institution. The good and evil alike had reached their limits. The good was ripe, and decay had already



The Shadow of Death

From a Painting by Holman Hunt



set in, and the evil had run beyond all hope of mastery. It is impossible for us to understand the viciousness, the immorality, the absolute corruption of the time. Caligula wishes all Rome had but one neck; he spends five hundred thousand dollars on a single banquet; Nero drives a herd of five hundred she-asses in his train that his wife may bathe in their milk; he murdered his mother, and is readily acquitted by his fawning Senate; and Hadrian, mirroring to the bottom of the slough of

nameless and unnatural vice, deifies a youth and erects temples of worship to him, with whom he had lived in the vilest relations.

The Emperors were closely copied by the nobles, and these in their way were no more corrupt than the lower strata of freemen and freedmen. Labor was stamped with disgrace, and the freemen left idle after the wars or driven from their farms by grasping landholders, flocked into Rome, where they were fed by thousands from the public crib and



Joseph and the Christ Child  
From a Painting by B. E. Murillo



Redemption  
From a Painting by Luca Giordano

amused at the arena with free sports, whose bloody cruelty was a chief influence in the general demoralization.

Another evil influence was that of the freedmen. These one-time slaves had in most cases won their freedom by the basest means, and stained with their former servitude, schooled in every evil practice, and lacking all sense of honor, they were a subtle and potent poison in public life. But the slave system worked greater moral death than this. It was chiefest among those factors making for social ruin. Over half of the empire's population of one hundred and twenty million were slaves. Some sin-

gle masters owned as many as twenty thousand, and this incredible number of human beings were absolutely at the master's will for any purpose or wish: to maim, torture or murder, as lust, caprice or anger might move him. The slaves were beyond the pale of humanity, and their treatment worked corruption, depravity and dissolution in every department of life. It wrecked the home. License and female dissipation grew in consequence of slavery to such an extent that marriage almost ceased. Chastity became the rare exception, and the sanctity and obligations of the home and marriage vows so little respected

that a Roman moralist of the time exclaims: "Innocence is not merely rare; it has no existence."

Yet never was the world more religious—if we dare call these base superstitions, these horrible and repulsive rites religion—than now. Religion stood for the essence of all that was vile. The

intermingling of peoples had disintegrated all local beliefs, and had given rise to the widespread idea of a single religion for all men, which now took form in the deification of the Roman Emperors. Thus, this widening and unifying of religious worship made ready many minds for the reception of



"John, the Son of the Priest Zacharias"

From a Painting by Domenichino

temples of Rome were the fountains of her festering impurity, disease and death. But one feature of even this polluted religion helped to prepare the way for Christianity. Every national cult was tolerated in Rome, but the great political revolutions, the clash and

that sublimest conception of Christ—the Universal Fatherhood of God.

Such was the Roman world. Help! it cried; but whence was help to come? In vain did it turn to philosophy, morality and religion. Despair was the lost word of these. Blight and death had



The Vision of St. Theresa  
From a Painting by Vernet-Leconte

touched everything heathen, and the black vulture, Ruin, hovered low for his spoil. The soul was lost to hope, and turned in upon itself, sought self-destruction as a last refuge. The world had reached the goal of its suffering and need; it was weary with laboring for truth; it was heavily laden with disappointments of the search for life, and, all unconsciously, it stood waiting the salvation of perfect virtue in Jesus; it stood longing for the soul-rest of Him who should say: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

#### THE JEWS OF THE DISPERSION

The world was athirst for the "water of life," but the river must have channels through which to flow to these barren and sin-burned wastes. In the All-Wise Providence these channels were at hand. The Jews as a nation rejected Jesus as their Messiah, but as they had been trusted with the preservation of monotheistic faith, and had been given the preparation of a birthplace for Christianity, so, in their dispersion, they were made the means of scattering Christianity to the earth's far ends.



St. John the Baptist  
From a Painting by F. Ittenbach

In everything the Jew was religious: his social, intellectual and political life were but as many phases of his religious life. His history was the history of his religion, and apart from his religion he had no history. In the repeated shipwrecks of Israel it was her religion that saved the nation, and since the disintegration of the nation it is his religion that has preserved the individual Jew. As he had no life apart from his religion, and as that religion had nothing in common with any other faith, the Israelite differed in every essential respect from every other people. Wherever he went he was always a Jew.

The Greek or the Roman could carry his religion with him as he traveled, or he could readily find a faith kindred, in part at least, to his own in any foreign

land. The Jew could not. He had but one God—the God of his fathers; he had but one temple—the Temple at Jerusalem; and though the vast majority of the Jews were scattered over the Roman world, in every land and city, still, as they had but one God and Temple, so they had but one political centre—Jerusalem. Over a million Jews were settled along the valley of the Nile; sixty thousands were in Rome alone; but toward Jerusalem they all prayed; to Jerusalem they all sent tithes, and in Jerusalem they all hoped. They were no longer the people of Israel; they had become a world-nation with the Holy City for their capital.

The Jew was thus by very nature a stranger and a wanderer. He was prohibited by everything Jewish from making any country his own save the lands



Christ  
From a Painting by Cima da Correggiano



given to his fathers; from paying allegiance to any king save the God of Israel; from making connections with any people other than his own countrymen. As he was kept from becoming one with the people among whom his wanderings brought him, so he was also kept from the enervating and debasing temptations of idleness and luxury that were the atmosphere of many of these foreign lands—as in Alexandria, Rome and in Greece—and thus he was preserved in his individuality, industry and integrity. Hedged in by his uncompromising religion as by a great wall, the Jew had no interest in the social and political changes about him, so long as they did not touch Jewish interests, and asked only peace and protection in these strange lands and the liberty to worship God as he wished.

This separation of the Jews from everything unjewish about them naturally bound them the more closely to one another, and strengthened their love of Israel and her religion. Wherever a number of Jews settled, if there were enough of them, they built a synagogue and there worshipped Jehova with the same songs and prayers and the same Scripture readings as were used that day in the synagogues of Palestine.

Here, in the midst of the splendid temples of heathen darkness, of superstition and idolatrous rites, the Jew preserved all the lofty and hallowed forms of his divinely-inspired worship. In the drunken gaiety of Alexandria, and amid the mad rush of life at Rome, the Jews observed their Sabbaths and feast days in the face of opposition, and oft times of bitter persecution. On these days their shops were closed, and the deriding populace could hear in the synagogue the chanting of the solemn hymns, the reading of the Scriptures, and might even pause to listen to a sermon by the rabbi or by some passing priest, who had been invited in to speak to them, as St. Paul often was.

These synagogues were scattered as far and wide as the Jews themselves, and they served as so many mission

stations, already built and preparing in a hundred ways for the introduction of the Gospel, soon to be brought to them by the missionary disciples of Christ.

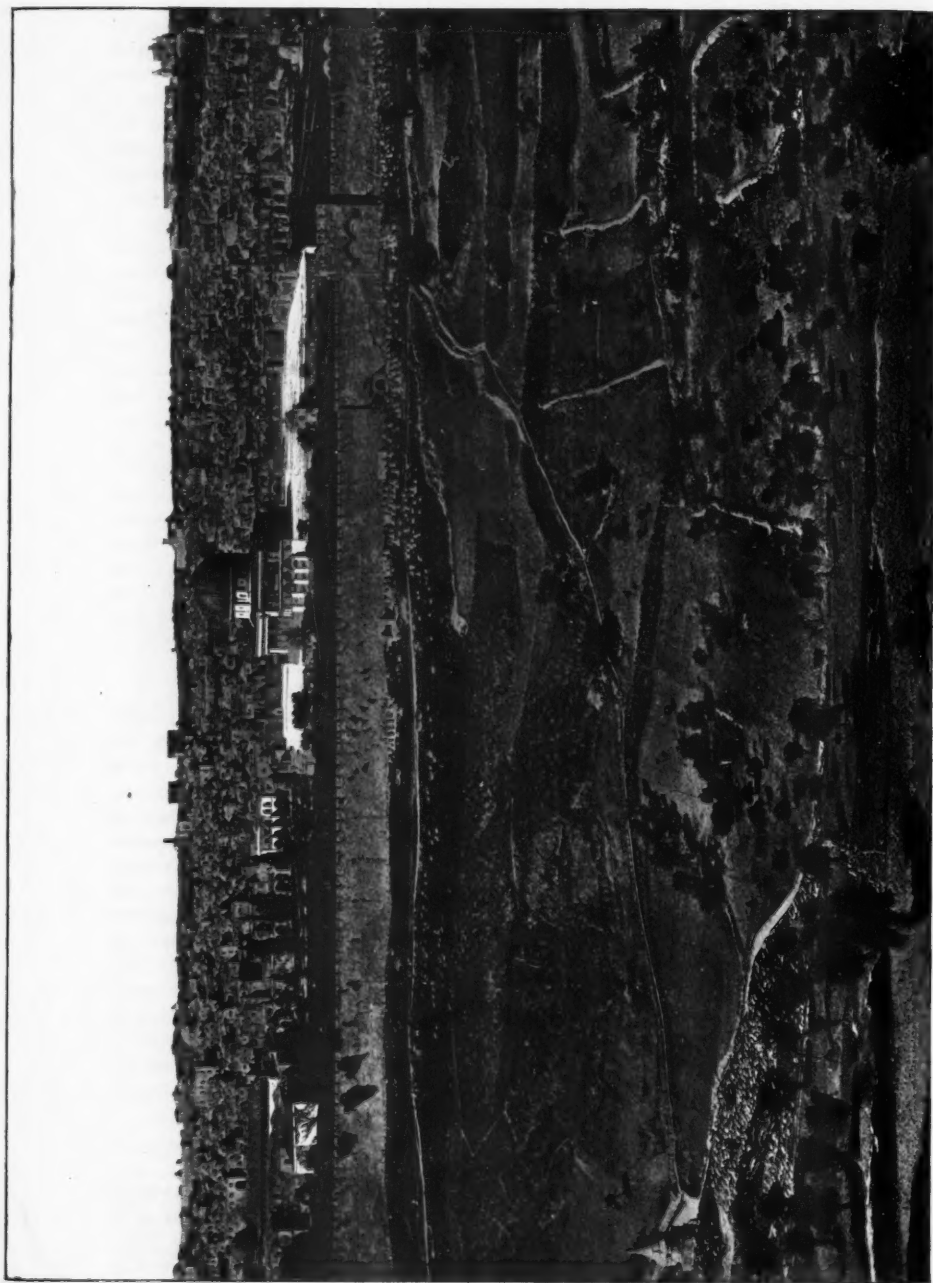
It was to these synagogues that St. Paul and his co-workers went directly on reaching a new city, and though they were often rejected and their teaching scorned, they were always given at least one hearing, and were frequently received and believed. Without these synagogues up and down the wide Roman world we cannot see how Christianity could have been given to the Gentiles without an immeasurably greater struggle and delay. This was a decided factor in the fulness of time.

The Jews of the Western dispersion were much more ready for Christianity than those of Palestine or of the Eastern dispersion. In the west, however, persistently they had resisted Hellenic culture; they had unconsciously yielded to its broadening influence, and instead of looking backward into Jewish history for their hope, as the home Jews did, they were looking forward toward a new day for Israel.

But they were looking. They were Hellenic in language and manners, but they were one withal in their hope of a coming Messiah. Like a guiding star, this hope rose above them, lighting them on, until the time should come when it should rise and stand over Jerusalem and guide them all from the islands of the sea and from the distant edges of the earth back to Palestine, a conquering and victorious nation. They carried this hope wherever they went, making many converts to their religion, and waking an almost universal longing in the hearts of men, to whom the Gospel of Christ came as a complete fulfilment.

#### THE PREPARATION IN PALESTINE.

But a voice is filling the wilderness of Judea and waking all Palestine with strange prophetic echoes. It is John, the son of the priest Zacharias, breaking his life's silence and piercing the dark clouds that envelop his country with



From a Photograph

General View of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives

prophetic lightnings, whose thunders shake the land.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," he proclaims; "prepare ye the way." The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand! The cry sweeps like a tidal wave over Palestine. Off in Nazareth of Galilee Jesus hears the call, and leaves home and his carpenter bench and goes forth to meet John—the fulfilment of John's prophecy.

Long had Israel been waiting this call. She is now ready for the Messiah. Never, since the earliest promise of a Saviour, had her needs so pressed her to pray for His speedy coming. Since the sceptre passed from the hands of the brave Maccabeas into the family of Esau—the hated Herodians—her fortunes had grown steadily worse. Now, for the first time since the Babylonish Captivity, a foreigner and a Gentile held absolute sway over Judea. Tiberius, the Roman, was master of Israel.

There had been little change—none for the better—in the political situation of the country since Herod's death. The disposition of lands among Herod's sons remained after these thirty years as Herod had made them, except in the case of Judea. Here Archelaus, whom Herod made King, was banished by Rome for his outrages, and Judea was now ruled directly by Rome through the Governor of Syria.

Herod Antipas was still ruler over Galilee and Peraea, the territories in which fell the greater part of Christ's ministry. Antipas, like Archelaus, kept pace with his father in all but his father's virtues. He was weak, luxurious and dissipated, with not a redeeming quality. Even his passion for architecture and building—he built the city of Tiberius at the upper end of the Sea of Galilee—was but a slavish pandering to Rome for favor. He had nothing in common with the people he governed, and added sorely to their grievous burdens.

Philip, too, crawled at the feet of Rome; but he was the best of the sons of Herod, and in his long reign of

thirty-seven years the people of Bata-naea and his other provinces east of the Sea of Galilee enjoyed comparative peace.

But the yoke of Roman tyranny on the nation as a whole was never so heavy and so galling. Of all the Roman Emperors, Tiberius was most bitter against the Jews, and under his violent hand Palestine suffered to the limit of endurance. With willing tools in his creatures, Pontius Pilate, the Procurator, and Caiaphas, the base high priest, Tiberius instituted a reign of insult, robbery, persecution and murder such as was unknown even under the first Herod.

The Holy of Holies and the sanctity of the home were wantonly profaned, and the honor of women was nowhere safe. From the frequent insurrections of the Nationalists and from the extortionate taxings the industries of Galilee were becoming paralyzed. The poor widow, the idler in the market-place, the debtor going to prison, were sights growing more and more common. The most grinding poverty, misery and even starvation prevailed in many parts of the once prosperous country.

Is it a cause for wonder that the voice in the wilderness, declaring Him the promised Saviour of Israel, at hand, should set every loyal heart in Palestine ablaze with hope?

Such was the political condition of Palestine, and such—ever worse—the state of her religious life. Tiberius, in his way, made a better Emperor and a better god than Aunus and Caiaphas made high priests. The priesthood was robbed of all but the shadow of its ancient power, and was now sought as a favor of Rome because of the opportunity it offered for violence, luxury and self-indulgence. It had become the high seat of corruption, and it shows better than any other feature how low the tide of religious life had fallen.

But, outwardly, ceremonially, Israel's religion had reached almost perfection. The Jews washed and dressed and read and prayed and fasted and sacrificed



From a Painting by C. Schönherr

The Good Shepherd

more now than ever before. Their substitutes for love to God and man were as numerous and complete as thousands of scribes through hundreds of years could make them. Schools of theology were as numerous as our public schools today, and Josephus tells us there was the enormous number of twenty thousand priests in the country at this time. Commentaries on the Scriptures grew, and grew so endlessly, and were so bulky, that they smothered the inspired books, and had now taken their place as the guide in religious things.

Thus the dead letter of the law remained, a monumental ceremonialism over the grave of the Spirit of worship, the life of true religion.

Thus, politically and religiously, the time of the fulness of Israel's needs had come. How anxiously she awaited the Messiah, and how readily she would receive Him, is shown by her reception of His forerunner, John the Baptist.

#### THE RECEPTION OF JOHN.

"Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," was the spark struck out from the desert flint by the steel of John that set the tinder of Messianic hope in Palestine ablaze.

Well might words from the lips of such a man fall burning hot. 'None other like him had these corrupt times beheld. Here at last was a prophet of the type in Israel these four hundred years extinct. This is no oily-tongued teacher of the synagogue; no sleek and well-fed dealer in smooth rhetoric and hair-splitting discussions on the length of Sabbath day journeys; no Scribe or Pharisee, in flowing robes and broad phylacteries, with pompous semblance of piety; no "reed to be shaken by the wind." Here is a prophet of the line of Moses, of Elijah and of Isaiah; honest, stern, mighty and fearless. Look at that bronzed face, that long hair, those firm-pressed lips, those piercing eyes. Look at that simple garb of leathern belt and robe of camel's hair.

The very spirit of the desert! The stern and rugged lineaments of the wilderness are marked in every feature of this great and austere personality. As grand and lovely as the solitudes he seems; powerful and gaunt as the ragged, barren hills. His eye flashes like the flame of the desert sun; his voice rolls through the heart like thunder, and his mighty soul, like some wild cataract, bears all before it.



The True Vine  
From a Painting by A. Melville

He is well fitted to be the teacher of such a time. He is its extreme opposite. His food is the locust and wild honey; his drink is the river; his roof the open skies; his home the desolate wilderness; his companions the rivers, rocks, the mountains and sea, the wild beasts and the storms, his own large soul and God. He is the perfect mas-



ter of self; the servant only of duty; and the leader of his time.

That the words of such a man should make their way from the solitudes of the desert into the cities and to the distant borders of Palestine we are not surprised. But it was not alone the personality behind the words that gave them life; it was the message of the words themselves. "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand" was the cry; "prepare yourselves for it." By admonition and warning John exhorts them to get ready for the Coming One, Who was even now among them—in Whom the Kingdom would be realized.

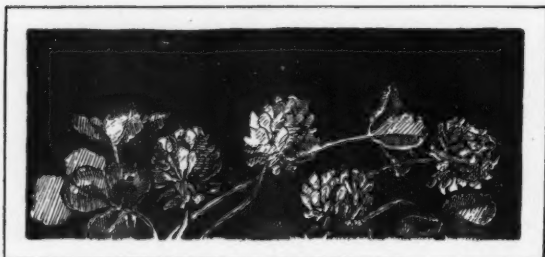
"The good news of the Kingdom of Heaven" was with John, as with Christ, the burden of his preaching, in which was the essence of Old Testament prophecy and the whole of the New Testament fulfilled. The coming of the Kingdom of Heaven, the rule of God upon earth, was the substance of the Old Testament. It explains the very existence of the Old Testament, the existence of Israel and all of God's dealings with His chosen people. The whole history of Israel was but one long preparation for a time when God should be enthroned in peace and love and righteousness as the ruler of the

world, a kingdom universal, heavenly and eternal.

This was the King and Kingdom understood and preached by John. But this was far from the ideas and the hopes of the Jews that flocked from every quarter of the land to the mouth of the Jordan to hear of the coming Messiah. On every page of the sacred Scriptures glowed the promise of His coming; the last word of the Old Testament burned of hope; and in the interim since that last prophetic voice every wave of disaster in church and state had carried them but the higher upon this rock. Now a Tiberius, a Pontius Pilate, a Herod and a Caiaphas held the high seats of the nation, and were grinding God's chosen in the dust beneath their heels. Could they suffer more? Had not the time come? Would not the Promised One now appear with the sword, and once more establish David's throne?

This was the Jewish idea of the Kingdom; this their hope in a Messiah. It was with this hope that they hurried from city, from village, from hamlet and wild hill—Pharisee, Sadducee, the high and low, minus creed and cast—all ready to take up arms to follow the leader, to die for Israel.

(To be continued.)



## AT McNALLY'S BEND

### A TALE OF THE SIERRAS

BY MARION HILL

EVENING was coming on in the Sierras; not as in the drowsy valleys, with gentleness and tender lights, but coldly, and with sudden loneliness, and bringing with it a stillness which, as the long minutes passed, grew in awfulness and grandeur.

McNally's Bend was a lonely farmhouse far up among the mountains. It lay forever in the gloom of Mount Shasta, a frowning, watchful peak, a desolate sentinel, which, ever austere, ever snow-capped, towered above in eternal guard.

Still, so still! with sundown shadows slipping from canon to canon and clothing them with a shifting and fantastic unreality. So sacredly still was it, that the sound of an invading voice came like a sacrilege.

"Pink, whar was you? You hear me?"

The voice was rasping and shrill, belonging to a woman whose daily work admitted of much yelling after domestic animals and across country to men-folk at feeding times.

Pink—the name had probably been Pinkney when given by his sponsors—could hear perfectly; but being in a region where masculine sovereignty is indisputable, he chose to remain silent. His thoughts were of far more interest to him than anything his sister Araminty could have to say.

He was leaning his tired length against a friendly growth of manzanita and deerbrush, and was gazing across the canon, over the darkening and unsociable pines, to Shasta's solemn crest, where the last glimmer of day was dying. Shasta always seemed to have for him an undelivered and unhappy message. He never could quite make out

what it was. Sometimes he felt that he must have heard it once and forgotten it, for it mocked his memory like a half-remembered strain of music. All that he could be certain of was that the mere nearness of this withheld message lay as a constant weight and restlessness upon him.

Now that Araminty's voice was hushed, the mighty silence had reasserted itself. Ordinarily at this time the mountains used to echo with the shriek of a train, which, never seen, thundered away to somewhere, leaving its voice trailing among the pines like smoke. But lately, hunters coming up from the valleys told strange tales of a strike, of a "lock-out" between masters and men, that had resulted in "tying up" the trains upon their rails, like dead snakes upon a trail.

Pink could not trouble himself about a matter so distant. For him, there was earth to be dug, water to be coaxed, food to be killed, whether that unseen monster sped howling through the mountains or not.

True, there had been a time in his earlier youth when he had dreamed of going away on that same iron power to some haunt of cities; but the dream had passed, and he now knew that his fate was to live and die at the Bend, as his father had done before him. Pink accepted his destiny with the apathetic conclusion that after all, one place is as good as another in which to work and die, since that is about all one can do anywhere.

Pink rarely formulated his thoughts; he merely rested his tired body against the brushwood and let his brain reach out in the direction of fancies which

never came near enough to be grasped. While he was still reveling in his solitary reverie, the chaparral crackled and parted, and Araminty appeared.

"I thought you was here," she said without resentment. "There's a woman up to the house."

"Who she was?"

"Stranger woman—little, bit-a girl."

"Who's she from?"

"Dunno."

"Where's she to?"

"She can't git there."

"Railroad?" asked Pink with sudden intuition. He had heard that passengers of trains abandoned in lonely places had been forced to seek shelter where they could.

"Them's um," corroborated Araminty. Then, searching her memory for an expression but lately heard, she experimented with it upon her brother.

"Tie-up," she ventured.

"What's she called?" asked Pink.

"Tie-up."

"She called," corrected Pink.

"Oh, her pap calls her Elsa."

Pink's gaze questioned for details about this new individual. "But he's gone," continued Araminty, digging holes with her brown toe, and much enjoying being the bearer of news to "men-folks," who as a rule were sole dealers in that commodity.

"He went a-horseback down Coyote trail to the stage road to Barntown to make shift to git to Yreka somehows, on 'count o' being bound to git there along o' business, but Elsa, she's to stay here till the tie-up's busted."

Here a snatch of exquisite singing thrilled on the air and intensified the sense of strange happenings.

"That's her," said Araminty, superfluously.

They moved toward the house. A sudden curve in the path brought them face to face with the singer, who was racing down the trail with all the abandonment of city-bred youth unexpectedly turned loose in the country. She was the most beautiful creature Pink had ever seen.

Radiant, excited, flushed, she ran to them in an ecstasy of friendliness.

"Is it not wonderful?" she cried, "Look around!"

The obedient McNallys gazed blankly about them.

"What's wonderful?" asked Pink, stolidly.

Inasmuch as his voice never stirred with inflections of any known emotion, it might be called monotonous, but it possessed a quality of quiet insistence that was strangely attractive. Struck by its unexpected charm, the girl gave him an analytical glance—young men were her especial weakness—but after a survey of the one before her she decided that he was so uncouth as not to belong to the class at all. She returned her attention to the scenery.

"Everything is wonderful," she answered, awed. "Everything—the pines, so straight, so dark, so relentless! And the distances are terrible! You can see too much of the world. And the rocks—they frown! Then, the stillness—why, I can hear my thoughts coming to me like the beating of wings; and the mountains, shouldering each other so grimly. Oh, I never before was near enough to Nature to fear her, but I do here. This is her awful home, and Truth dwells with her—two dreadful majesties!"

Araminty dropped her jaw and gave up; but Pink stirred, half in assent, wholly in protest. Who knew better than he of the restless heartache which these mountains gave as a heritage? But he held such things as sacred to silence.

"How happy you must be here!" cried the girl, finding that her confidences about the landscape had not been encouraged.

"I dunno," said Araminty, feebly.

Pink made a speech, brief and pointed. "Why?" he demanded in his dead voice. But his questions could never be disregarded. There was always an authority in them that stubbornly awaited an answer.

Thus challenged, the girl glanced from earth to sky as if to catalogue

their beauties; but there was something else to see, and she chanced to see it. She saw where work and contention, want and disappointment, had laid heavy hands upon the man and woman before her to darken their lives, line their faces, bend their backs, and stunt their minds. This revelation of the sordid and brutal side of country life caused her to modify her speech.

Though it was still faintly daylight, yet a dark line showed at the foot of each pine and told that the new moon had her own strength. Mount Shasta, robbed of her day-time decking of sun and shade, loomed roughly bare.

"I am going to climb that tomorrow," mused the newcomer.

"It's off a week's journey," said Pink, squinting at it critically.

The girl gave a short laugh, as musical as her singing. Then her face clouded over.

"It looks so cruel," she said.

"It's jest a mount'n, like the rest," said Pink, doggedly.

Not heeding, not hearing his hinted opposition, she continued:

"It must see so much, and see it all unmoved; it knows all things and will say nothing. It is cruel."

He remembered how it was wont to fill him with the weary rankling of ideas which he could not express, and he felt that he knew what she meant much better than she knew herself. There was a speech then for all these emotions, and of that speech he, whose need of it was great, knew never a word. A sudden heartache assailed him and he walked abruptly away. A tardy sense of hospitality made him turn to look after his guest. She was entering the house. As he watched her disappear within, the heartache strangely deepened. The night seemed to darken perceptibly—a light had gone out.

By the time his many chores were finished utter darkness had fallen. As he trudged to the house he met his mother on her way to the spring. The heavy water pails creaked drearily from their handles.

"I allus plum forgit them till the last gasp," she whined through the night.

This water bringing was hers by custom, and Pink had never felt called upon to assist; but tonight, and he knew why, the sight of a woman as a beast of burden struck him with a strange reproach.

"Gimmel!" he said, roughly, and as roughly seizing the pails he strode away with them. Scanty were the thanks which followed him.

"I declare, you ac' sometimes like you ain't got wits," moaned Mrs. McNally.

The next morning Pink entered the kitchen with a strange perturbation.

"She's out o' doors a'ready, an' she's in my clo'es," grinned Araminty.

"Tell her vittles is up, can't yer?" fretfully inquired her mother.

Pink went outside and discovered the object of his errand lying face downward on the ground, striving to lure out from under the house a kitten which had taken coy refuge there.

"Elsa," he said stoically, "breakfast."

At the sound of her name she sat up and locked her hands around her knees. She was too astounded to stand.

"What did you say?"

"Breakfast."

"I know; but what beside?"

"Elsa."

There was a pause. The coquettish kitten squeezed itself out to investigate the cessation of attentions, and seated itself demurely in a bar of sunlight.

The girl began to laugh delightedly. "I must call you Mr. McNally, I suppose."

"I s'pose," assented Pink, echoing her words without listening to them.

He was noticing how Araminty's dress had lost all its familiarity in its new employment. Tiny, well-shod feet showed where Araminty's bare toes belonged; fragile fingers where horny fists used to protrude; a sleek, golden head reared itself regally above the well known torn collar.

"Breakfast," reiterated Pink, feeling a certain safety in the words.

"I am coming, if I could get up," said Elsa, stretching both hands out to him. The kitten vanished; and Pink's senses reeled. He took her hands, and as he was hauling her gently to her feet, she made an astounding, inconsequential remark.

"Your eyes are very blue, Mr. McNally," she said.

Across their path came one of the barnyard fowls, whose inclinations was taking him at right angles to a sudden gust of wind, so that his head and claws were mincing in one direction, while his tail feathers were being blown violently in another. As often as Pink saw that particular fowl again he always mentally reproduced it in its present distorted condition and remembered that his eyes were very blue.

"Oh, is not that delicious?"

The cry was so rapturous that Pink started and looked about him. The only new thing in sight was an all black puppy, which was ambling towards them with absurd weakness. It was utterly useless, considered as dog, and, therefore, to Pink, had no existence.

"That?" he asked, with a puzzled frown.

"Perfectly delicious! What is its name?"

"Tain't worth naming."

"I would like to name it. Whose is it?"

"Nobody's—anybody's—yours!" ended Pink, with inspiration.

"Mine? Oh, good! Come, doggy; come, Mr. Satan; come to its mother."

Pink watched the performance with interest. She gathered the unweildy thing up in her arms and staggered along with it in absolute content. Mr. Satan was contented, too. They all went in to breakfast, Mr. Satan, for the first time, having a seat at a Christian table.

The meal was a silent one. The only person at ease was the pretty stranger, who was causing disturbance.

"Where are you going?" she de-

manded of Pink as that individual prepared to go to work. The question was so friendly that Pink's voice softened as he answered.

"Going to Smith's creek to hunt a stray colt."

"May I go with you?" she besought him. "I want so much to explore these mountains, and I am afraid to go alone. I will try to be very little trouble."

"Come on," was all Pink said; but he was strangely pleased.

That began an almost constant companionship. She went on all the chance excursions that his work shaped for him. She would come home laden with trophies, which Mrs. McNally bemoaned as "truck." The working woman could see no beauty in the wild azalea, golden rod and pink-belled huckleberry; but her son grew to see these things with new eyes, and took to contributing "truck" on his own account.

Before long the sense of her perfect comradeship stole upon him, even when he was alone. Here she had become tired, and had rested. There she had sung. In this place she had slipped and all but fallen. In that place she had seen a snake and had screamed—in all places, at all hours, she was in his thoughts. He performed no meanest bit of labor without mentally standing off from it and endeavoring to see it in the aspect which it would probably present to her. And now and again an experience went to show that her way of looking at things was never his way.

For instance, he brought home to her a wildcat which he had shot. He threw the little animal down beside her on the porch.

"Oh, what is it?" she cried, shrinkingly, but smoothing its fur with pitying hand.

"Wil' cat."

"Who killed it?"

"Me."

"What did you kill it for?"

"You."

"Me? Oh, no! Oh, I hope not!"



"To skin for you. Sis has one along of her bed. She allows its warm to the foot."

He waited for the pretty rapture of gratitude with which she was wont to reward his attentions, but none came. Her head was drooped, and she was parting open the clenched claws of the dead animal and devoting much unnecessary care to it. He was shocked to see a tear splash upon its spotted fur.

"Elsa!" he cried sharply.

She sprang to her feet to run away.

"It is so soft and smooth," she explained. "So like a pet cat. It seems so wrong to kill it—for nothing. I could not bear to have it skinned. I could never put my foot on it; never! Oh, look at it! Look at its eyes! See how horrified it is at being dead!" Fairly breaking into sobs, she ran into the house, leaving him sitting beside the stiffening body at leisure to note for himself the staring agony in its eyeballs.

There, plenty of work awaited him. He had a sheep to kill, and he mechanically set about the preliminaries to the act. So busy was he struggling after thoughts that eluded and puzzled him that he completed his preparations without stopping to realize to what they tended; and then, with knife in hand, he staggered under the discovery that he could no more do the killing than if Elsa had been there watching—she had petted the sheep, fed it, named it.

He flung away the knife, and gave way to a wild revolt against his manifest destiny. Why did he not have the option of leading a life whose details would not shame him? Had the years nothing nobler for him than this breaking of soil for his bread, this slaughtering of stock for his meat? The bitterest part of the conflict was his knowledge of its uselessness. To push away from this degrading environment meant the desertion of his helpless kindred. To imagine release was but to cheat himself with the impossible. What was put off this week would only confront

him next week, grimmer, more hideous than ever. Yet he seized the respite.

As he strode moodily past the house his mother hailed him. She was hanging out clothes, and two clothespins stuck from her mouth like tusks.

"Ain't you killed them meat yit?" she asked, in a grotesque mumble of reproach.

"No," he answered, fiercely, and his response sounded like an oath, so sorely did he rebel against this being constantly shown that he could not yield to any one of his inmost impulses without affecting in some way his mother and sister.

The day passed. He realized that he had never revolted against his lot until he had set eyes upon the woman whose every thought and act told of another sphere of life, towards which his fettered feet could never hope to lead him. She translated his incoherent fancies into words, which he remembered and warred with. After every speech with her he shook off some of his apathy, only to find beneath that blessed insensibility and discontent which had been there always.

He was maddened at the abasement he ever felt in her presence. Yet when they were climbing the trails together, when she was pulling upon his strong and steady hand for support—as man and woman, as human beings, was he not her equal? Nay, more: in matters of guidance and endurance was he not superior? Yet he feared her, and looked up to her as divine even in wisdom. There was a question he must ask her. She would surely know the answer; he did not.

The opportunity to ask that question came. It was early morning, yet they had already walked far, and she was tired. She threw herself down upon the matted pine needles.

"You poor, poor, poor, tired little beast," she said, hailing into her lap the panting Mr. Satan, who had followed against his better judgment. "You, Mr. McNally, might as well sit

down, for you can see that I do not intend to move for hours."

Pink let his legs slide from under him, and settled himself in a not ungraceful sprawl. He watched her. She was absorbed in fitting her sun-bonnet over the puppy's diabolical black head. Her hair shone like flecks of gold where the sifting sunlight touched it. The world was very beautiful—did his heavy heart hold all the gloom under heaven?

He glanced at Shasta. It was kind. It was wrapped in an amethystine mist. A crow was winging its way straight into the glorious haze; it narrowed to a speck, wavered, and was blotted out.

Did life have for him any radiant goal in the brightness of which the darkest of his thoughts would fade away into glory? He turned again to Elsa.

"I can never be a gentleman," he said.

A compassionate flush swept over her face, but she busied herself with wiping the dog's eyes with his own ears, and with putting his feet in his mouth for him to chew by mistake. The sun-bonneted beast lolled at ease and showed the whites of his eyes.

"I said I can never be a gentleman," Pink reminded her again in his deep, compelling voice.

"But you are one; any man is a gentleman who is gentle at heart."

"No," said the stubborn McNally.

"A man can be whatever he strives to be," continued Elsa, flinching under the deplorable honesty of his blue eyes.

"Anything but a gentleman. Look hyar at these," putting out his seamed and blunted hands; "how'd they look on a gentleman? Ef you ain't born it, you can't make yourself it, nohow, and there's no use trying. But there's something you can help me to answer."

"I will try."

"That's 'Nails-of-God,'" said Pink. Groping among the pine needles and moss, she had found one or two small white flowers of rare sweetness and purity.

"It has a perfume," she said, laying one against her face.

"Only at morning and evening. When the sun is hottest it can't help you at all."

"It can't what?"

"It has no perfume at all," continued Pink, stolidly. The pain at his heart was growing.

"You were thinking of your question."

"Yes; it's this: S'pose a man finds himself where he don't want to be; s'pose, though, he has two people in his care, but his life is a misery—he is ashamed of it; now, it's not brave to keep on doing something you're ashamed with, no more is other things brave, either; I know that; but what is rightest to do; what is manlike to do; what would a gentleman do—keep right on with the ter'ble small life for the sake of the other two, or push away and live a better one?"

"Which is nobler?" said Elsa, with the royal scorn of youth and girlhood. "to fight and die on the battlefield, or to run away?"

"Oh, no!" cried Pink. "Did what I said sound mean as that?" He writhed under the cut. "It is nobler, then, to keep on living the shaming life?"

"No life is shameful that is lived for others."

He could not speak. There was something wrong somewhere. He could not have voiced his dreadful need of help in language strong enough or she would never have answered so. The strained silence was broken by an unfamiliar sound—the shriek of a train which raced away to somewhere, panting as it sped.

"Listen!" cried Elsa delighted.

"The tie-up's—" he paused. "Busted" had been Araminty's word, but there must be a better one. "Over," he said at length. Then he got to his feet, as if to brace himself for a shock. "And you won't be hyar no more."

"Don't you believe it. It will be a week before my father remembers my existence, and a week more before he remembers that he is to come for me."

"Two weeks," said McNally, drawing a relieved breath.

The wild mint smelled strong; a few pale butterflies shimmered over the stunted clover, and the growing warmth of the sun drew a subtle odor from the pines; all these familiar things suddenly became prominent accessories to the fact that she was rising to leave him, to return to the Bend.

"If you see any flowering kern will you bring some home to me?" she asked.

"Yes," said Pink, thrilling to hear her call his house home.

"You won't forget, will you?" As she spoke she came near, and with slow care, fastened one little white flower on his shirt. He clenched his hands. Did she know what she was doing? what it meant? Why, if any of the girls thereabouts should do a thing like that it would show—. He felt a suffocating impulse to put his hand upon her hair, and fearing lest the idea might blaze upon his face, he abruptly turned and left her. Yet, if he had not been insane he would have noticed that Mr. Satan's silky coat was likewise decorated.

At night he returned with a flaming armful of forest spoils. His mother was watering a few unresponsive garden plants. She was using a broken teapot. The feeble trickle wormed itself over the dull wall-flower and lavender as if disgusted at having to encourage such dismal bloom when the mountain nooks blazed with blossoms like those Pink held.

"You kin chuck that outern the crick; she's plum gone," said Mrs. McNally in the tone of one who knows her news is good.

Pink kept silent. His mother always got on best unquestioned.

"Her pap kim an' bundled her off."

Pink waited. Some message must have been left for him.

"I've held vittles a good hour for you," she concluded, and plodded into the house. Her tale was done. They sat down to supper. The kerosene lamp smelled very sickening.

"Her pap paid us han'some," grinned Araminty, knife half way to mouth. Paid! God had lent them one of his angels, and they had taken money for her keep.

Pink forced down a big meal, for he was not going to give his womenfolk an irregularity to carp at. Araminty was garrulous over Elsa's departure, but her story added no new facts to those Pink already held. Elsa's father had come for her, and she had gone hurriedly—with delight. Pink remembered hearing the shriek of the outgoing train. He had been tugging at a clump of azalia at the time.

Supper over, there was only one thing to do—to get away from the Bend—to go stolidly forward, with no purpose except to escape at all costs from the sights and sounds with which he had been associated. He knew that later on in the night he would have to come back, would have to retrace every step in loneliness and darkness, he well knew that the duty which held him to his home was an unbearable chain, but for the time being he had to get away from every familiar landmark, away, away, somewhere by himself, that he might fling himself upon the ground and fight for the mastery of these pain-bearing thoughts which were beating in his brain. He stumbled on blindly through strange ravines and over unknown boundaries. He finally lost track of his whereabouts, and stopped, dazed and panting, to throw himself down in the security of his remoteness. At last he could think. At last he was alone. There was no rock or bush or brook murmur to remind him of one who must be forgotten; but when the blindness of fatigue had left his eyes, when his sight grew accustomed to the throbbing darkness, his heart gave a bound of despair as he recognized that he was lying in the very shadow of Mt. Shasta, nearer than he had ever been before to its dread companionship. And he heard at last the message it had always had for him, for it spoke of its knowledge of the awful inequalities of human life.

It was the symbol of an existence which had to be confronted and endured and worn out to its lonely end. She, too, his heart's dear love, had told him that his duty was to stay and suffer.

The stars were out, and it was night.

He staggered to his feet, and realizing for the first time what his life's cross was to be, went slowly back to the lonely farmhouse that lay forever in the gloom of Mt. Shasta.

## AUGUSTUS AS A TRAVELING COMPANION

By S. J. UNDERWOOD

I HAD malaria last spring, and could not seem to get strong after it. The doctor said I must go to the mountains. I thought we could not afford it; but he was peremptory, and declared he would not answer for the consequences unless I had a change.

Augustus always goes away somewhere; he has to, poor fellow! he works so hard. But he and I had not traveled together since we went on our wedding journey, eleven years before. He had been anxious for some time to study the flora of the Adirondacks; his sister offered to come and stay with the children; and I looked forward to the three weeks we were to spend from home with fond anticipations. The physical recuperation and the added botanical knowledge I considered the least of the good which should accrue. The prospect of having my husband three weeks to myself was delightful; and I packed books, which were to be read for my special improvement, and dreamed over the few additions to my wardrobe, as though I were planning for a new honeymoon.

Augustus is inclined to be dilatory—rather, his large brain always plans more than finite man can accomplish. His mother was an exceedingly punctual woman, and gave him so rigid a training in this particular that he is always uncomfortable when he is behind time, and, therefore, irritable. The

morning we started he had letters to write—I never knew a season when he did not have letters to write. I tried to persuade him to dress himself first. I might as well have whistled to a northeaster. I ventured once to remind him that he would have a limited time for his toilet; but I decided not to put my head between the lion's jaws again, even if we were left. I carried the luggage out on the front porch, seated myself, and endeavored to possess my soul in patience.

At last I heard him whirl into our sleeping room like a tornado. I knew what condition our room would be found in the track of the hurricane, and I was particularly sorry, as his sister is such a model housekeeper, that I could not remove the traces of disturbance; but there was no help for it.

He came down stairs two steps at a time, and grasped the luggage. "Come, not a moment to lose; there's the car!" He barely stopped it, and I was obliged to run. Being still weak, I reached it panting and in a dripping perspiration. This last quite ruffled my spirits, as I feared the effect upon my new traveling dress.

When we reached the end of the car route: "I'll hurry ahead and get the tickets, and you follow as rapidly as possible," he said, and was off like a rocket. When one has the luxury of a husband, and is journeying for health,

it would seem befitting to be escorted on one's way with dignity, if not with tenderness; but, like some squaw, following her lord, I trudged on, keeping my chief in sight. I sunk down in the car just as the train began to move, and for a half-hour was too weary to speak. Augustus was decidedly wilted as to collar; but that fact did not disturb him in the least.

I had imagined he would be very devoted and entertaining; but I found that he had other projects. He had the proof of a botanical article to correct, and no end of memoranda to set down.

Every time the train halted he was up and out to find a floral specimen or to note the formation of rocks. Then he would stand out on the platform for a long time, leaning off in a way that made me half jump from my seat, as I would see his form sway with the shock of the uneven movement. I finally was obliged to turn my back and leave him to his fate, for people began to look at me as though they thought me afflicted with St. Vitus' dance.

Once I really thought he had been left. He failed to make his appearance, and the conductor came around; I paid no attention, even when he stopped. "Your ticket, madam," he demanded sharply.

"My husband," I said, "stepped off at the last station; he must be somewhere on the train."

He looked at me dubiously, but moved on. At last, when I was half distracted, Augustus came sauntering in.

"Where in the world have you been?"

"Oh, I met a man I knew on the rear car."

"Well, I wish you would leave me my ticket if you intend to stay away like that again. I don't enjoy having the conductor suspect that I have a mythical husband."

At one point I noticed a pink flower growing which was strange to me. I pointed it out to Augustus; neither did he recognize it. When the train halted he saw some of it at a considerable distance from the station, and said he was

going for it. I remonstrated, for I feared the train would move before his return; but he was deaf to my entreaties. It happened that there were many transient passengers to get on, and the car became full. I was watching Augustus, and before I knew it a portly man had crowded himself into the seat without asking leave. Augustus boarded the car after it started; I thought it might do him good to stand for a time, he needed so much exercise; and I did not inform my companion that he had appropriated a reserved seat. I really enjoyed the sight of my husband standing with his pink nosegay in his hands. The intruder left at the second station, and Augustus said, as he took his place: "A pretty trick you played on me, when I only went for the flowers to gratify your curiosity."

"But," I said, "you can't understand what a relief it is to have a stationary seatmate."

As we neared the town where we were to leave the cars, I said: "You have not been as attentive to me, Mr. Dempster, as you were the last time I traveled in your company."

He seemed mystified for a little, and then laughed. "No; once in a lifetime is enough for a man to make himself ridiculous."

"I don't think there was anything ridiculous about it," I replied, the tears almost starting. "Your behavior suited me, and you, too, at that time."

He looked at me sympathetically.

"You must be very tired, Maria," and his solicitude was such that he would not hear of my riding outside of the tally-ho, though I had looked forward to it with childish eagerness, and he knew it. He settled me on the back seat, but climbed himself to the roof. I began to seriously question whether there was such a thing as a second honeymoon.

Our hotel was delightfully situated; the piazza commanded a magnificent view of a long range of blue mountains, Mt. Marcy seeming only a little above



his brethren; lesser peaks nearer, showing that they were wooded to their summits, while pine forests sloped down to the very back doors of the hotel.

Augustus was in his element, and was up and over the hills before breakfast. It was a quiet place; not fashionable; about sixty people in all; only a few gentlemen—so every arrival counted.

Augustus is very social and fond of the companionship of young people. The first forenoon there was a bevy of girls round him, and he was displaying the different specimens of ferns which he had found. The second day he organized a botany class. There were as many as a dozen young ladies, and one handsome widow in half mourning, and a man or two. The plan was to have a field excursion each morning, and a lecture, illustrated by the collection made, at three in the afternoon.

Now, of course, it was a noble and self-sacrificing thing for Augustus to lead the minds of these frivolous creatures into this intellectual channel, and I ought to have rejoiced in the uplifting of my sex; but I did not. I thought I deserved to have my own mind developed, and I would have preferred to have my husband's attentions concentrated, instead of diffused. Of course, I was always invited to go a-field with them, but I was not strong enough to endure the tramps they took; I was a weariness to myself and a drag on them, and I gave it up. I hear so much during the year of ferns and mosses and hepaticae and algae, and move about so many stacks of plants, both phenogamous and cryptogamous, every time I sweep my house, that I would have enjoyed a vacation where their voice was not heard.

The lecture in the afternoon was usually continued in easy conversational stages until almost tea time. There really did seem to be no hour that was not pervaded by that omnipresent botany class. If I captured Augustus for a little reading on a secluded corner of the piazza, two or three of his fair

pupils were certain to come up, with profuse apologies, to be sure, to ask some question about a plant.

But I think I could have borne everything, had it not been for Mrs. Ingholt, the vivacious widow. She impressed me as a most designing woman; and Augustus was so charmed with her. Such an intellect as she had, he said, but undeveloped; and she felt that he was her Columbus, the discoverer of a new world. She was from Mississippi, and he had always wanted some one to collect plants for exchange in that region. She was so enthusiastic, and thought she could awaken interest in her native city, and, perhaps, call him down for a course of lectures. All this, and much more, he poured into my ears; and to do myself justice, I did not say any of the unuttered things I thought by day and by night. I did not even suggest that this was most likely the last fad of a fine lady who wanted to kill time and bag a little scientific game withal. She was patronizing to me; even gushing. It was "My dear Mrs. Dempster, I am so sorry you are not able to go with us"; "My dear Mrs. Dempster, it is such a mystery that you are not botanically inclined, your husband makes the work so fascinating"; "My dear Mrs. Dempster, it is no wonder you have such a mental grasp of subjects, Mr. Dempster is so inspiring"; and Augustus actually glowed under her flattery. I felt every day as though I would like to wring his neck and hers, too. But if I had been real well I should have been more patient, and considered that an open-minded, aspiring man like Augustus, anxious to promote science and to help people make the best of themselves, could hardly be expected to fathom the nature of a gushing, coquettish woman as another woman was able to do.

The botany class continued under full sail for a week, and then the young girls began to drop off; for there is no play about taking lessons under Augustus; he demands rigorous work. But

there were three or four who persevered. Mrs. Inchbold held out bravely.

One night there was a beautiful full moon, and Augustus and I sat out enjoying the silver light, when Mrs. Inchbold, radiant in her beautiful toilet, came out and asked Augustus to go into the parlor to look at a flower, which she could not determine. He rose with alacrity. He is always all animation over a plant.

"I won't keep him long, Mrs. Dempster," she called back. "I would ask you to come, only I know you don't care for such things."

I felt so annoyed that I rose almost involuntarily and began to pace the piazza in front of the parlor windows. Mrs. Inchbold and Augustus sat at one of the tables, flowers in their hands, and heads bent over the botany. She did look very charming. I walked away into the shadows and leaned against one of the pillars. Two ladies were talking on the other side of it. I caught their words.

"I think Mrs. Inchbold's actions are just scandalous," said one.

"So do I," returned her companion.

"Mr. Dempster neglects his wife shamefully; and she looks so delicate, too."

"She's a meek little thing," said the other. "If he were my husband, I'd make things lively for him. When he first came, I thought he would be a great addition to our society; but his eyes never look except in one direction."

"I think that botany class is just a blind, don't you?"

I waited to hear no more, but fled to our room, and not stopping for a light, I flung myself upon the bed; but, as usual, our couch was covered with plants laid out between papers, and I was obliged to scramble up again. It was the last straw of my heavy burden; I hadn't even a place to weep unhampered by the floral kingdom. I sank to the floor, laid my face in my hands, and sobbed like a child.

How long I sat there I do not know,

but Augustus, not finding me on the piazza, came in quest of me.

"Maria," he said, "aren't you feeling well? Have you gone to bed?"

I answered, but I suppose my voice betrayed me. He struck a light. I got up from the floor, and busied myself at the wardrobe; but it was no use; he saw something was wrong, and demanded an explanation. I sobbed out the conversation I had overheard. He turned all colors, and said very coldly: "I thought, Maria, you were too sensible a woman to be disturbed by idle gossips."

He tried to be very kind and soothing and bathed my face with cologne after we had succeeded in unloading the bed, and read "In Memoriam" till I feigned sleep. I suppose he thought the occasion demanded something solemn, and I quite agreed with him.

In the morning he said: "I am sorry to have been the cause of any ill-natured remarks concerning Mrs. Inchbold. I wouldn't have her learn of them for the world. It is really cruel that her effort for improvement should be so construed."

"I don't believe she is especially sensitive," I replied.

"Oh, she is; she has the finest sensibilities; but it is quite a delicate matter. I hardly see how I can break up the botany class now."

"Couldn't you manage to make it a little less interesting?" I suggested. Perhaps my tone was sarcastic, for he answered in an injured voice:

"It is like an oasis in the desert for a man like me to find a soul eager for knowledge and gifted with such subtle sympathy." Which last remark quite took away my appetite for breakfast.

But fate was to adjust matters. A day or two before there had arrived a bald banker and a slim young college tutor, who had come expressly for the fishing. It seems they had invited some ladies to help them whip the trout brook that morning. Augustus and three young girls stood waiting on the

piazza steps, when Mrs. Inchbold came up with the bald banker.

"Oh, Mr. Dempster, I think I shall have to ask you to excuse me this morning. I'm going fishing; and, actually, I fear botany is going to be too much for me. I am just worn out with it."

The whole hotel had turned out on the piazza, and her ringing tones drew everybody's attention. The young girls, who were really in earnest, were deeply disappointed; but Augustus told them they could go out by themselves, and he would help them determine their specimens. And he did, but did not manifest much enthusiasm. I suppose that, though they were "eager for knowledge," they were not "gifted with subtle sympathy."

Mrs. Inchbold did not study botany further, but she went fishing either with the bald banker or the slim tutor every day that we staid at the hotel. She came up with the former one afternoon, when Mrs. Keene, a sparkling little lady, sat near us on the piazza:

"He goes a-fishing like quaint old Ike,  
And she like Simon Peter,"

she quoted.

"By the way," she added, fixing her bright eyes on Augustus, "I thought Mrs. Inchbold was studying botany. Ah, Mr. Dempster, your bait must have given out," and she laughed merrily.

I was sorry that Augustus could not conceal his confusion. Others of the bolder ladies rallied him. It was really hard for him, when, of course, his chief motive had been to elevate the company in which he found himself.

For myself, I suffered much remorse. I felt it was all my fault that my husband was made a laughing stock. If I had been more of a woman and could have joined in his pursuits, and not let him thirst for appreciation, he might have been able, when he came to social studies, to distinguish between an oasis and a mirage.

But neither he nor the doctor have ever been able to understand why those three weeks at the mountains—"splendid air and nothing to do but enjoy it"—were no benefit to my health.

## REPENTANCE

ELIZABETH HARMAN

The snow has fallen, shrouding all the world,  
Since last night's soft sunset,  
Yet, searching, I have found 'neath sheltering leaves  
A pure white violet.

I have had bitter thoughts—said wounding words—  
(O, woman's cruelty!)  
Yet, searching in my sore, repentant heart,  
Thou 'lt find but love for thee.

## JACK DEAN'S WHISTLE

BY KATE WHITING PATCH

WE sat by the fireside together, my husband and I. There was no light in the room save the glow of the burning logs. We were waiting for the tea bell to ring, and had been talking idly of whatever lay uppermost in our thoughts.

"Why is it," I asked at length, "that the six o'clock train always whistles as it passes the cemetery? There is no crossing there, and the other trains never signal in passing."

"Don't you know the story of Jack Dean's whistle?" asked Ernest in surprise. I reminded him that I had only lived in Greenbrier six short months.

"I am constantly forgetting that, little woman," he said, taking my hand in his and smiling in his dear, absent-minded way. Then I spoke of the whistle again.

"Ah, it is a sad story," he said, leaning back in his chair and looking into the ruddy embers. "Jack went to school with me; that is how I happened to know him. He was a smart fellow always. His father had been an engineer, so Jack naturally took to the road, and at twenty-one was given a good position, with a fair salary. Under these favorable circumstances it was not long before he discovered that a certain Mary Brown possessed the brightest eyes beneath the heavens; so he fell in love and got married—as some fellows will, you know," added Ernest mischievously.

I am going to tell the rest of the story my own way. Ernest told it far better, perhaps; but I cannot remember just the words he used, though the sad little story is very fresh in my memory.

It was a happy little home, that one on Garden street. Mary's eyes grew brighter and bluer day by day, but oftentimes a shadow of anxiety would

creep into them. Her husband's calling was a dangerous one, and the little woman's heart did not throb quite easily until she saw him turning in at the gate each evening.

So it came about that Jack began to use his engine whistle as a signal of safety. Just as he reached the bend of the road by the cemetery he would whistle loud and cheerily to let the little wife know that he was safe and well, and would soon be home to supper; and Mary would set a lamp in the window as a like signal for him.

The happy months wore on, and the neighbors learned to listen for the whistle as a time-keeper. When the evening breezes brought "Jack's whistle" to their ears the women knew that they might watch for their husbands to come home; when they heard "Jack's whistle" the little children knew it was almost time to go to bed. And all these months not once did Mary's listening ears fail to catch the longed-for sound; not once did Jack's eyes miss the little beacon light that made his heart beat faster.

Not once? There did come a night when the cheery whistle sounded as usual, but the engineer, peering from his window to catch the little light that showed him where home lay in the gathering darkness, looked in vain. No cheerful ray shone from that small window to tell him that a loving heart was anxiously awaiting his coming.

Poor Jack. For a minute he almost forgot where he was; almost forgot that there were more than a hundred lives depending on his attention to duty; and he must not think then of the one life that was so dear to him in yonder little cottage. It was only a minute, though. He brushed the mist away that his watchful eyes might be as keen as ever,

and with a great effort of will he steadied his trembling hand. The train reached Greenbrier three minutes ahead of time that night. Three minutes ahead of time, but it had seemed an eternity to the heart-sick man; and he was sure the distance to his little home was twice as long as it had ever been before.

He burst open the door and looked eagerly about the neatly kept kitchen. The fire was out; the small table by the window looked lonely without the lamp that had always been burning upon it at this time; and where was the gentle, blue-eyed little woman who had always met her husband at the door with a kiss and smile?

Strong man as he was, all Jack Dean's strength forsook him, and he could not move from where he stood.

"Mary," he called huskily. "Mary!"

A low moan was the only answer to that anxious call.

The engineer, as though strengthened by that faint cry, hurriedly crossed the kitchen and pushed open the door of the small chamber.

There on the bed in the corner lay his wife; but how different from the wife he had left in the morning. The smile had faded from her lips; the color from her cheeks, and the sweet blue eyes were closed.

Wild with alarm, Jack fell upon his knees by the bedside and threw his arms about her.

"Mary! Darling! What is wrong?" he cried, holding her close and passionately kissing her pale forehead.

As though roused by his caresses, Mary opened her eyes a moment and clasped her hands about her husband's neck. What cared she for the coal-dust and cinders. He was her husband, and she knew that the heart he had given her was pure and strong. No cinders could blacken that.

"Don't be frightened, Jack, dear," she murmured faintly. "I'll be all right soon. I—I don't know what the matter is—it came so suddenly—I—I felt dizzy—and faint—and I came in here—and dropped down—I don't know how long

ago. I did not know anything more till—I heard—the whistle—I tried to get the lamp then—I tried so hard—dear—but I couldn't—"

"Oh, what can I do for you? Who shall I get?" groaned the poor husband desperately.

"Don't get anyone—I only want you," sighed his wife drawing his head down upon her breast; and then she became unconscious again.

But Jack knew that something must be done. He arose from his place at the bedside and stole quietly out of the room and into the darkness again. Their next-door neighbor was not far away. A good, motherly soul she was, too, who listened with tears in her eyes to Jack's story; and after sending her eldest son for the doctor, threw a shawl about her head and went back to the cottage with the distracted man.

\* \* \* \* \*

The doctor shook his head gravely when Jack looked wistfully into his eyes each day. Mrs. Willet spent much of her time in the sick room, but Jack himself was the faithful nurse day and night.

He had gone to the superintendent of the road and told him of his trouble, informing him that he could not work while his wife was ill.

"There's no one to take care of her but me, sir; and if—if anything should happen to her while I was off I could never forgive myself."

"But what are we to do while you are away?" replied the superintendent. He liked Jack Dean, and would be glad to grant him a favor; but they could not take off a train because an engineer's wife was dying.

"I've thought of that, sir," answered Jack. "Sam Willet, who was engineer of my train before I took it, is home on a vacation. He says he'll run it for a day or so if the company's willing."

The superintendent thought it over for a moment. He remembered Sam Willet, a smart fellow and a trusted engineer, who now held a trusted position on another road. He looked at Jack's



sad face, and thought of his own wife at home, and then he said: "Yes."

So Jack was his wife's best nurse. Great, strong man as he was, no one could have been more gentle and caretaking; not even comfortable Mrs. Willet.

Mary was delirious much of the time, and her mind dwelt constantly upon the events of the day that she was taken ill. She would whisper to Jack over and over how she had heard the whistle and had tried so hard to get up and light the lamp. Then when he had comforted and quieted her in his arms she would start up again and tell it all over.

At last one evening when the poor fellow was sitting at the window with his tired head buried in his hands, he heard his name spoken gently. "Jack." He hastened to the corner where she lay and dropped on his knees by her side. "I am tired, dear; so tired," the gentle voice went on. "Take me in your arms, Jack." He gathered her close in his strong arms, and she laid her head on his breast and smoothed his cheek feebly with her little, thin, white hand. "I'm better now, dear," she said softly, and then closed her sweet blue eyes again.

Half an hour later the doctor and Mrs. Willet opened the bedroom door. But there was no need of doctor or nurse now.

\* \* \* \* \*

In that corner of Greenbrier cemetery that slopes toward the railroad they buried her—the gentle, blue-eyed wife. Next day Jack Dean went back to his engine.

As the train moved out of the station and drew near the cemetery he looked out of his window at the little mound of new earth, which loving hands had covered with fragrant flowers.

The kind-hearted fireman turned away, that his comrade might have a chance to wipe away the hot tears that sprang to his eyes. The fireman's own eyes were far from dry.

A long, sad day it was for the poor

engineer. The strict attention to duty required of him helped ease his suffering somewhat; but the sad thoughts would come—such hopeless, sad thoughts. The return trip was even worse. Ah, with what pain he remembered the happy days when his heart bounded at the thought of going home. But now—what was there for him to look forward to? It could never be home any more. The dear wife-angel had spread her wings and gone. It was only an empty nest now. Yet would not the memory of her dear presence keep that little cottage a shadow of paradise? Something akin to that it must surely be. He rested in this tranquil thought a while, and then the bitter ones returned with added force. "Never again shall I see that little beacon light placed in the window to greet me—never! And those blue eyes—that kiss—never again! Never!" What a fearful word it was! "What is my life to be henceforth? Nothing but never—never—forever—forever. Forever going back and forth, back and forth, over these hard rails, with never a thought of joy to come; never a bright spot ahead! Ah, better that I, too, were at rest by my Mary's side in the corner of the little cemetery!"

The train sped onward, the noise of the wheels seeming to mock him with his own words, "Forever, never, forever, never!" in monotonous repetition, till his brain whirled.

As the shadows began to fall the train drew near the Greenbrier churchyard, and from force of habit the engineer laid his hand upon the rope that opened the throttle. He dropped it suddenly as a bitter wave of remembrance swept over him; then he seized it again.

"I can't go on without whistling," he said to himself. "It seems as though Mary would miss it, even now."

A long, low moaning whistle broke the evening stillness. The Greenbrier children stopped in their play when they heard it and wondered if that could be

"Jack's whistle." The good wife glanced at the lonely cottage and brushed a tear from her eye, and the tired husband breathed a prayer of thanksgiving as he turned in at his gate.

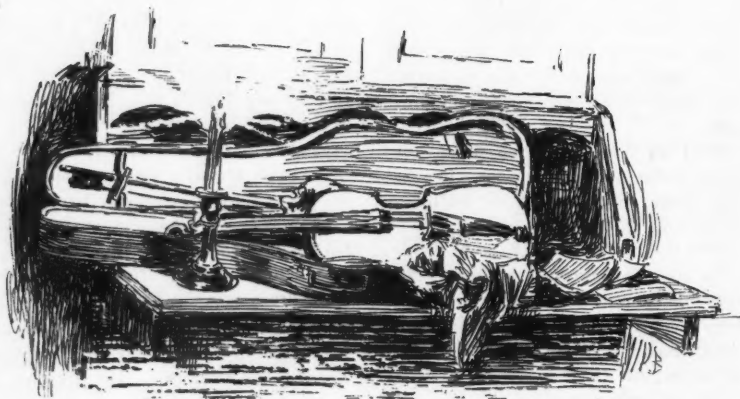
And Jack? He gazed out of his little engine window, over the fields, to the window, from which no welcoming ray shone forth. He bowed his head, struggling to overcome the sobs that clutched at his throat; but when he looked again, lo! over the cottage shone a brilliant star he had never chanced to notice before. It seemed an answer to his thoughts, and the fancy seized him that Mary had set it there, in the window of heaven. "I was wrong to say 'never again'," he whispered to him-

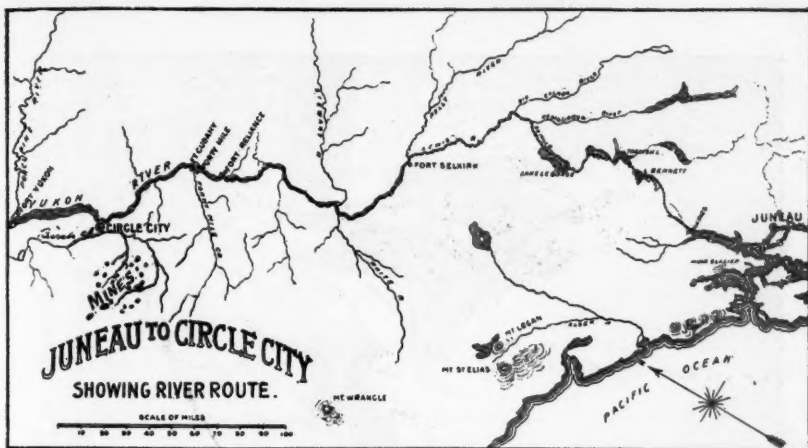
self. "It is only a long, weary waiting for me, and then—home!"

\* \* \* \* \*

And that was the story he told me as we sat by our happy fireside, my husband and I. "A sad tale," he said, with a huskiness in his voice as he finished; and I could only answer with a sob, my own voice was so full of tears.

As we sat there through the silence came the rumble of the evening train; and as it neared the cemetery a low, moaning whistle fell upon the still air. And Ernest held my hand closer in his own and drew me nearer to his side, for we knew that poor Jack Dean was speeding home to a lonely supper and a cheerless fireside.



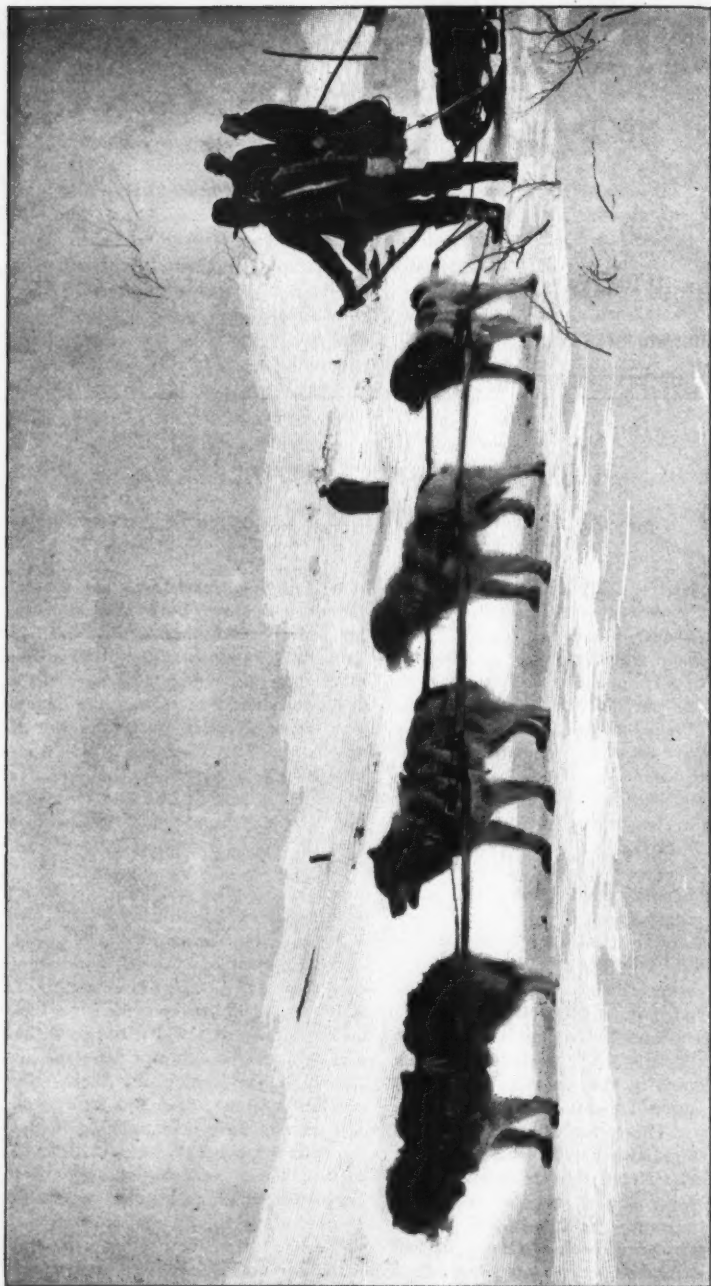


## THE GOLD MINES OF ALASKA

By G. M. HILL

**B**IRCH CREEK district is the scene of some of the richest placer mines in Alaska. The creek from which this section takes its name is a tributary of the Yukon river, and runs parallel with that stream for over three hundred miles. Its head waters are among the Tanana mountains and the distance from the head waters to the mouth is over four hundred miles. There are more than a hundred small streams throughout the Birch creek district, and the water in all of them finally becomes merged with that in the main creek, and it is upon these small streams the most extensive deposits of free gold have been found. On the main creek very little mining is done. The gold that is found there is usually upon the bars, and is in minute particles called "flour gold." So far, the richest discoveries in the district have been made upon Deadwood and Mastodon creeks. There are numerous claims upon these two creeks from which an average of from five to seven ounces of gold per day to the man are taken. The average yield of the claims throughout the Birch creek district will run from one to three ounces to each man employed.

It is perhaps useless to say that all the ground along both Mastodon and Deadwood creeks has already been located, and on many of the other creeks, where rich discoveries have been made, the same condition exists. On Mastodon creek a small glacier covers the "pay streak" for over half a mile. The glacier is from fifty to a hundred feet high and is several hundred feet wide; yet all the ground under it has been located, and it is this year proposed to break up the ice by means of giant powder and float it down the stream so that the ground can be worked. Very free, good-paying claims throughout the district can be purchased for less than \$5,000. But the fact that a good-paying claim even in that far-away part of the world is not to be had for the asking should not deter the ambitious miner from going there. The country is a vast one, and even at the rate miners have been rushing in during the present year, it will take at least a dozen years before the Birch creek district alone can be prospected, and it is safe to say that in numerous tributaries that have not yet been tried many good claims will be found. Then, just across the spur of mountains out of



Photograph copyrighted by Winter & Pond, Juneau

Eskimo Dog Team on the Yukon Trail to the Gold Mines

which Birch creek starts, lies the great valley of the Tanana, over 600 miles long. Many prospectors have this year gone over to that part of the country, and from the reports of those men who spent last season there, there is reason to believe that the Tanana river drains a section of country as rich in free gold as that through which the Yukon passes. Still there is another section that has been found to be exceptionally rich. It is the Kuokuk district and lies about two hundred miles northeast of Circle City. Neither Kuokuk nor the Tanana country can be said to be even partly settled up. Only a few scattered claims, some of which are fully as rich as the best of those in the Birch creek district, are located through them. So that, while a good-paying claim situated upon one of the richest streams in the Birch creek district is not to be had for simply asking, one can be had in the closely surrounding country by any one who is not too indolent to look for it; and, I will say again, that the Birch creek country offers splendid inducements to gold hunters, and that good claims will be discovered in that district before long.

At present there are not more than 2,000 miners scattered throughout the country surrounding Birch creek. Many of these men are day laborers who receive for their work from \$10 to \$16 per day. Most of the laborers are employed upon the claims along Mastodon creek.

Mastodon creek runs through an exceptionally wide valley through which the "pay streak" is very much scattered; therefore, a number of men can be employed to advantage upon most of the claims, and upon some of them thirty or forty men find work during the short summer season, which lasts about one hundred days. The creek is twelve miles long and there are over a hundred good claims located upon it.

The dimensions of a claim upon most of the creeks in the Birch creek district are five hundred feet along the stream and extend the full width of the valley, whether it be a mile or but a few feet.

There are about thirty claims upon

Mastodon creek that can only be worked during the winter months, when the ground is frozen down to bedrock. They are what are termed "winter claims," and the reason that they cannot be worked at any other time is that they are located upon low, marshy ground, and the bedrock, upon which the richest deposits of free gold are found, is perhaps thirty feet below the surface. These claims are worked by the "burning process." A fire is kindled upon the ground at the place it is intended to sink the shaft, and when a foot or more of the earth becomes thawed out it is removed and the fire is again started in the hole, and so on, until bedrock is reached. Then a tunnel is branched off to follow up the "pay streak," but still the "burning process" has to be continued. Mining under these unfavorable conditions is necessarily very slow and only the best paying ground on the claim is worked. The gravel taken from the tunnel is dumped at a convenient place close to the mouth of the shaft, and at the close of the winter season it is run through sluice boxes and the gold is separated from it. The pile of "pay gravel" that it has taken the greater part of the year to take from the tunnel can be "sluiced" in less than a week. The gold is mostly coarse. Quicksilver is seldom used to catch what little fine gold there is.

On one of the winter claims on which three men were employed last year the "clean-up" amounted to over \$20,000, the other claims ranging from \$5,000 to \$15,000.

Deadwood creek is a shallow little stream, about as long as Mastodon, and running for most of its length through deep gorges, the rocky sides of which are in some places not more than a dozen feet apart. There are many good claims upon this creek, and they are easy to work.

Mastodon creek is not a direct tributary of Birch creek. At the confluence of Independence and Mastodon creeks the stream takes the name of Mammoth creek. This last stream was for a few months last year the scene of unusual





Jacob's Ladder, a Portage in the Canyon near Sheep Camp, Alaska

Photograph copyrighted by Winter & Pond, Juneau

excitement. Early in the season the report became circulated throughout the different camps that the creek had been found to be exceedingly rich. Many locations were quickly made along the stream; cabins were built; lumber was sawed for sluicing purposes, and the work of taking the gold from its resting place commenced in earnest. But this active scene did not continue long. There was gold there; but the ground was not rich enough to pay for the working in that part of the world. From \$3 to \$7 a day was all that could be taken out. The sluice boxes were left to rot where they lay, the cabins were vacated as suddenly as they had become populated, and once more Mammoth creek became deserted.

There are many miles of ground throughout the Yukon country fully as rich as that upon Mammoth creek and any one can have as much of it as he may care for. Some of it can be worked by the hydraulic process and will undoubtedly give good returns upon the capital so invested; but by far the greater part of it is too low and flat to be mined in that way.

Now there are difficulties to be surmounted in order to reach the gold fields of the Yukon that will discourage men who are far from being weak hearted. Some who go forth upon this journey will turn back at the first real hardship; others will turn back when over half the journey is made, and some who go forth will never return, but will find, instead of the fortune they seek, an icy sepulchre in a region of perpetual snow, or a watery grave at the bottom of some treacherous river or lake in the North.

Practically, the great basin of the Yukon is to be reached by but one route—that via Juneau and the Chilkoot pass being the shortest, quickest and cheapest, and the one taken by fully ninety per cent. of the gold seekers of the vast interior. The start should be made from Juneau about the middle of March, in order to reach the mines at the beginning of the mining season. Supplies sufficient to last from six months to a year are usually taken

along, and if you desire to do your own transporting, do not start later than the first of April, since the snow will be off the ground in some places before the lakes can be reached and you will then have more than the ordinary difficulties to contend with.

From Juneau to Dyea, the first hundred miles of the journey is made by steam navigation, the fare, including the transportation of supplies, being \$10. From Dyea canoes can be used for about six miles up the Dyea river to a canyon where the trail leads up the rugged sides of the mountain along a narrow timber shelf overlooking the canyon, until Sheep camp is reached. Here, possibly, you may be delayed a number of days awaiting a favorable opportunity to cross the summit of Chilkoot pass, owing to the frequency of blizzards that prevail in that section of the country, even as late as April.

From Sheep camp to the summit every article you desire to take with you will have to be carried. The pass is steep and in some places very narrow. The distance is about four miles. Only a light load, strapped upon the back so as to allow the bearer free use of his hands, can be carried up the pass; so, if your supplies weigh seven or eight hundred pounds you will be several days in travelling back and forth over this short distance. When, at last, the final trip has been accomplished, then the route from the summit down to the head of Lake Linderman is an easy one.

From the foot of the pass, where the journey on foot commences, to the summit of Chilkoot, the distance is nine miles. On the other side of the summit commences a steep descent of over five hundred feet, ending at Crater lake. This lake is undoubtedly the scene of a once active crater; but it now contains snow and ice all the year. If the journey is made early in April, usually the whole distance down to the head of the Yukon river can be made by sleighing; the lakes can be crossed upon the ice, and lumber can be sawed upon the banks of the river; a boat built and launched ready for the down-stream journey, which can commence soon after



Photograph copyrighted by Winter & Pond, Juneau

Ascending to the Summit of Chilkoot Pass, the Route to the Alaska Gold Fields

the ice begins to leave that stream, which it does much earlier than upon the lakes. The journey down the river is comparatively an easy one. There are a number of dangerous rapids to pass; some of them it is advisable to take your supplies past by land, then attach a long rope to the stern of your boat so as, in a measure, to control its motion from the shore, and allow it to float through the swirling and foaming water. Many boats have been swamped or ground to pieces upon the rocks while passing through these rapids, and sometimes a little extra labor added to the little vessel, tending to make it stronger, may save the trouble of building another one.

A hard-luck story is told of C. H. Metcalfe of Detroit. While living in his Michigan home Metcalfe read the dispatches telling of the enormous prices articles of food and clothing were bringing in the Yukon mining camps and decided to become a trader in Alaska. He went out to Seattle last February and got together a stock of about 6,000 pounds of goods. This he took up to Dyea by regular steamer, and then started with it over the same route taken by Maris later in the season. He had to pay natives many dollars per hundred pounds to pack his heavy freight over the steep Chilkoot pass, and reaching the side of Lake Bennett he and the one man he retained built a boat 32 feet long, piled the merchandise into it and started for Forty-Mile on the Yukon.

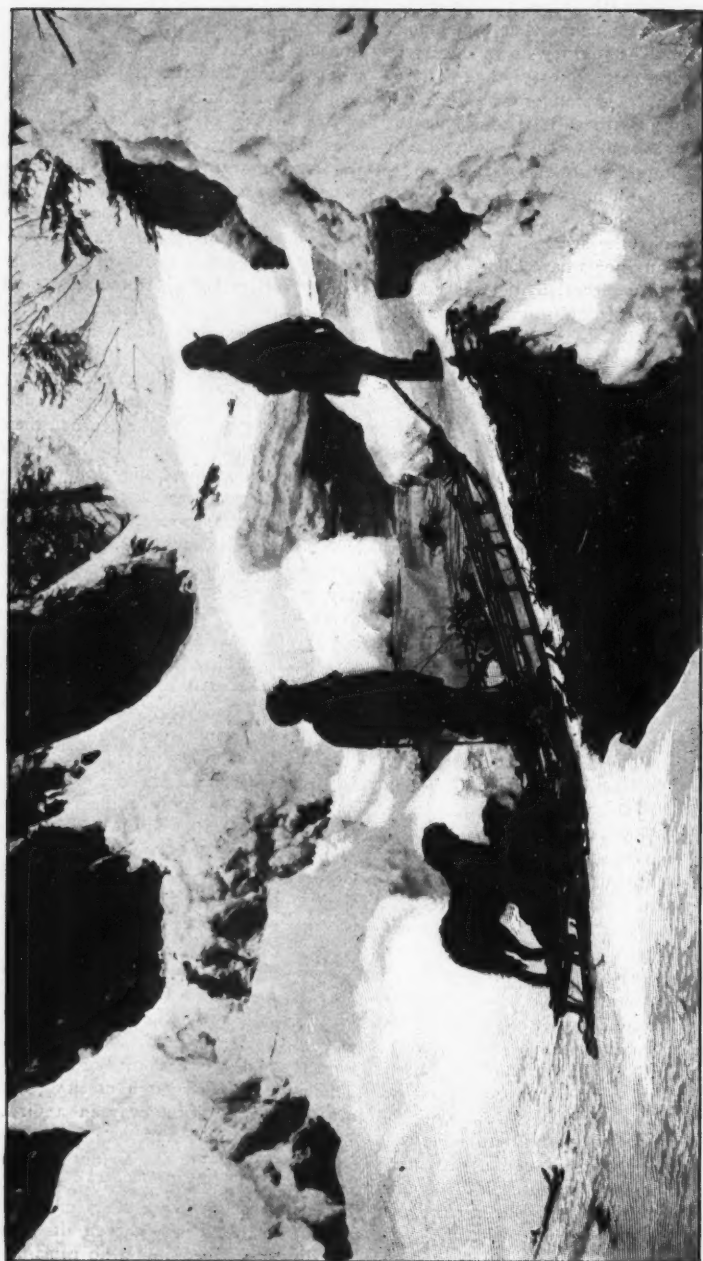
All went well until the dangerous White Horse rapids in the Lewes river were reached. He remained in the boat to protect the cargo and steer, while his man walked along the river bank, holding back on a line attached to the stern of the boat. The craft had passed nearly over the rapids when the bow of the boat struck hard on a rock, smashing the fore part into splinters. Metcalfe and every pound of his merchandise were precipitated into the icy water, and it was only by a series of superhuman efforts that Metcalfe was enabled to make shore. Drenched to the skin and chilled to the marrow,

thousands of dollars out of pocket, in the midst of a wilderness, without a mouthful to eat or dry clothing, Metcalfe was in a bad fix. His man gathered some fagots and a fire was made on the banks of the roaring rapids. Over night Metcalfe's clothing dried, and next morning he and his man started down the river, hoping that some morsel of food had been driven ashore. Just below the rapids, protected by a jutting point of land, lay the remains of the shattered boat, and stuck away under the seat in the stern they found a sack of beans and a few pounds of soaked bacon.

Having a long trip before them, they were compelled to eat sparingly of their meagre supply. Then they turned their attention to the boat. It had been 32 feet in length, and they found lumber enough in the wreck to patch up a 16-foot skiff, which carried them to a habitation after many days. They lived on the shortest possible rations all the way, and had not a knife, fork or spoon to eat with. To show that there are honest men in Alaska, two months later a sack of clothing, which Metcalfe lost with his merchandise, was returned to him at St. Michael's, whither it was brought by a man who found it on the bank of the Lewes river. The White Horse rapids have swallowed up many lives. Seventeen lives were lost in them last year. Metcalfe says Alaska is "no good country."

The current of the Yukon is quite swift, and, if no accident interferes, the journey on to Circle City can easily be made in two weeks.

Now, when Circle City is reached you are not at the mines, by any means, nor are the hardships of the journey at an end. In fact, very little mining of any kind is done in the vicinity of that city. The mines of the Birch creek district are still sixty miles away in a direct line, almost due north, and I will say here, in order that I may not be misunderstood as urging any one to make this trip, that there are many men who do not go to the mines, even after Circle City is reached; but who remain in that city until later in the year, when



Yukoner and Stick Indians passing through Canyon, Dyea, Alaska



the first river steamer returns to St. Michael's, and then leave for their homes by way of the Behring sea, where they are transferred to deep-water vessels, feeling very much disgusted with themselves that they should have ever attempted to reach the gold mines of the Yukon.

The Alaska Commercial Company's steamer *Excelsior* is now on her way to Alaska. On her return voyage she will bring probably the most unique cargo that ever passed down the coast.

It will consist of as many of the stranded miners as the vessel will carry. To come well within the law, she has a cargo of eight enormous bales of life-preservers, a number of patent rafts and two extra lifeboats. She is also well stocked with provisions; in fact, enough to stand a siege. A frail board covering has been put over the forward deck. Many people call her trip a mission of mercy, but it is in reality nothing more or less than a mission of protection to the rich company to which the steamer belongs. This company induced those miners and prospectors into the Alaskan country last spring, and as upward of 2,500 of them are out of work, it naturally follows that they are not going to starve to death, but will insist on getting their grub from some of the three big stores which that company owns in that country. By careful calculation it was deemed expedient to take them back to San Francisco rather than keep them through a long winter. Thus the *Excelsior* will bring down the first consignment.

In contrast to the failure above referred to, we may mention the following cases:

John Miller, a native of Sweden, declares that Alaska is the best place in the world. Miller brought out a boot-leg full of gold. He entered the Yukon region two years ago with hardly a dollar in his possession, and last month he landed 286 pounds of gold in San Francisco. Most of his wealth Miller secured in two months' digging last winter. He worked along for a good while without making a big strike, but finally he found some good-paying dirt and

engaged twenty men at \$10 a day to work his claim. The \$54,627 he realized does not represent all the gold he took out during the two months. He paid the twenty miners between \$13,000 and \$14,000 in wages. Miller declares he will return to his claim next winter.

Besides Miller, William R. Lloyd, a man named Russell, and another named Brown, and others brought home from \$5,000 to \$10,000 worth of gold as a result of a few months' digging.

Circle City is the supply point for the Birch creek district. It is situated on elevated table land bordering the Yukon river and was founded in the fall of 1894. Supplies for this port are first landed from sea-going vessels at St. Michael's, a small station bordering on the Behring sea, and thence shipped in small, flat-bottomed steamers to their destination.

Between Circle City and Birch creek there are seven miles of flat, marshy land. This will have to be crossed to reach the mines. You can have your boat hauled over for about \$25. Supplies will be taken at the regulation rate of \$8 per hundred pounds, or, you can carry them across, making one trip each day and carrying one hundred pounds each trip. Then for thirty miles you pole your boat up Birch creek, and thence up Crooked creek another thirty miles to Mammoth creek. That is as far up stream as your boat can go, and, as these creeks do not run in a direct line, you will still be about fourteen miles from the heart of the mining district.

Indians can be hired to pack supplies from Circle City to the mines at the rate of \$40 per hundred pounds. Flour last year could be purchased at Circle City for \$16 per hundred and at the mines on Mastodon creek for \$56. Beans and bacon could be purchased at the city for from 50 to 60 cents per pound, and were sold at the mines at \$1.

The fare from San Francisco or Seattle to Circle City via the Behring sea and the Yukon river is \$210, first-class, and \$150 second; charges on supplies are correspondingly high. The

steamers cannot run up the Yukon river until late in the year, and the miner who travels by that route will arrive at the mines too late to do any work the first season.

The distance from Juneau to the various points along the route to Circle City are shown in the following table, which is compiled from Prof. Ogilvie's survey as far as it has been completed, the remaining distances are from the best attainable authorities:

Haines Mission( Chilkat).....	80
Dyea .....	100
Head of canoe navigation.....	106
Summit of Chilkoot Pass.....	114¾
Head of Lake Linderman.....	123½
Foot of Lake Linderman.....	127½
Head of Lake Bennet.....	128½
Foot of Lake Bennett.....	153¾
Caribou Crossing .....	156½
Foot of Tagish Lake.....	173¾

Head of Lake Marsh.....	178¾
Foot of Lake Marsh.....	197¾
Head of Canyon.....	223
Foot of Canyon.....	223¾
Head of White Horse Rapids.....	225½
Tahkeena River.....	240
Head of Lake Le Barge.....	256
Foot of Lake Le Barge.....	284
Hootalinqua River.....	316
Cassiar Bar.....	342
Big Salmon River.....	349
Little Salmon River.....	385½
Five Fingers Rapids.....	444
Rink Rapids.....	450
Pelly River.....	503½
White River.....	599½
Stewart River.....	609
Sixty Mile Post.....	629
Fort Reliance.....	682½
Forty Mile Post.....	728
Fort Cudahy.....	728¾
Circle City.....	898

## MYSTERY

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

It is the whisper of departing wings,  
The rustle of a gossamer of lace,  
A grass unbended by some flitting grace,  
The press of airy feet in fairy rings;  
Print of a heavenly form 'mid moss that clings  
Still lovingly about this lingering trace  
Of some fair Presence that hath fled the place  
At my approach — a thrill of unseen things.

This is the charm doth haunt and ever tease,—  
Elusive hope, a vision yet unveiled,  
A dream too soon dispelled,— which under trees  
In wild and woodland e'er my sight hath failed.  
This is the charm which ever draweth me —  
Perchance to see, perchance at last to see !



Outside of the South Gate of the City of Hok-chiu

## THE EXECUTION OF A CHINESE PIRATE

WILBUR T. GRACEY

"TEA!"

As I brought myself to consciousness I realized that Chune Chune, my boy, was standing beside the bed calling me, holding in his hand a tray with tea and toast. That word "tea," with three gentle taps on the teapoy, was my usual awakening call; but as it was still dark, I remarked in a half asleep tone: "What time, boy?"

"Three o'clock," he replied.

"My no wantchee tea three o'clock, what for you call my?"

"Please, sir, Sin Yew talkee my, must wantchee call you three o'clock; he say you wantchee go city."

Well, then I remembered.

The night before, as we were sitting on the big cool veranda overlooking the city of Hok-chiu, after dinner, one of the guests had remarked: "There's going to be an execution in the city

tomorrow morning. I am thinking of going over. If any of you fellows care to go, we might make up a party."

Most of the crowd were old-timers in the East; but as I was a new arrival, a "griffin," I told Dr. Le Favor, or "Doc," as we always called him, that I would go with him.

"It will be pretty early," he said; "half-past four, I believe; we'll have to get off by three-thirty, as the coolies can't do it in less than an hour. It will be outside the North gate, and it's a good three miles across the city after you enter the South gate. Come down to my bungalow about half-past three, and I'll see Morriss, the American Consul, and ask him to let us have his Tingchi, as we can get along much better through the street with him."

Later on, when the cries of the boatmen on the river had ceased, the rapid boats, with their long sweeps had come

to their anchorage, moored side by side, the lights on the many sampans had gone out, and the guests were departing, Doc put his feet up on the poles of the mountain chair, in which he always rode, and as he was going out through the big gate of the compound I heard him say: "So long, old chap; you'll be down at three-thirty, then; you won't get much sleep, as it's half-past twelve now."

Before turning in, I told Sin Yew, the head boy, to call me at three sure; so when I fully realized what the boy was saying, I was up; and after drinking my tea, finding bath and clothing all ready,



"Another criminal has received his just deserts"

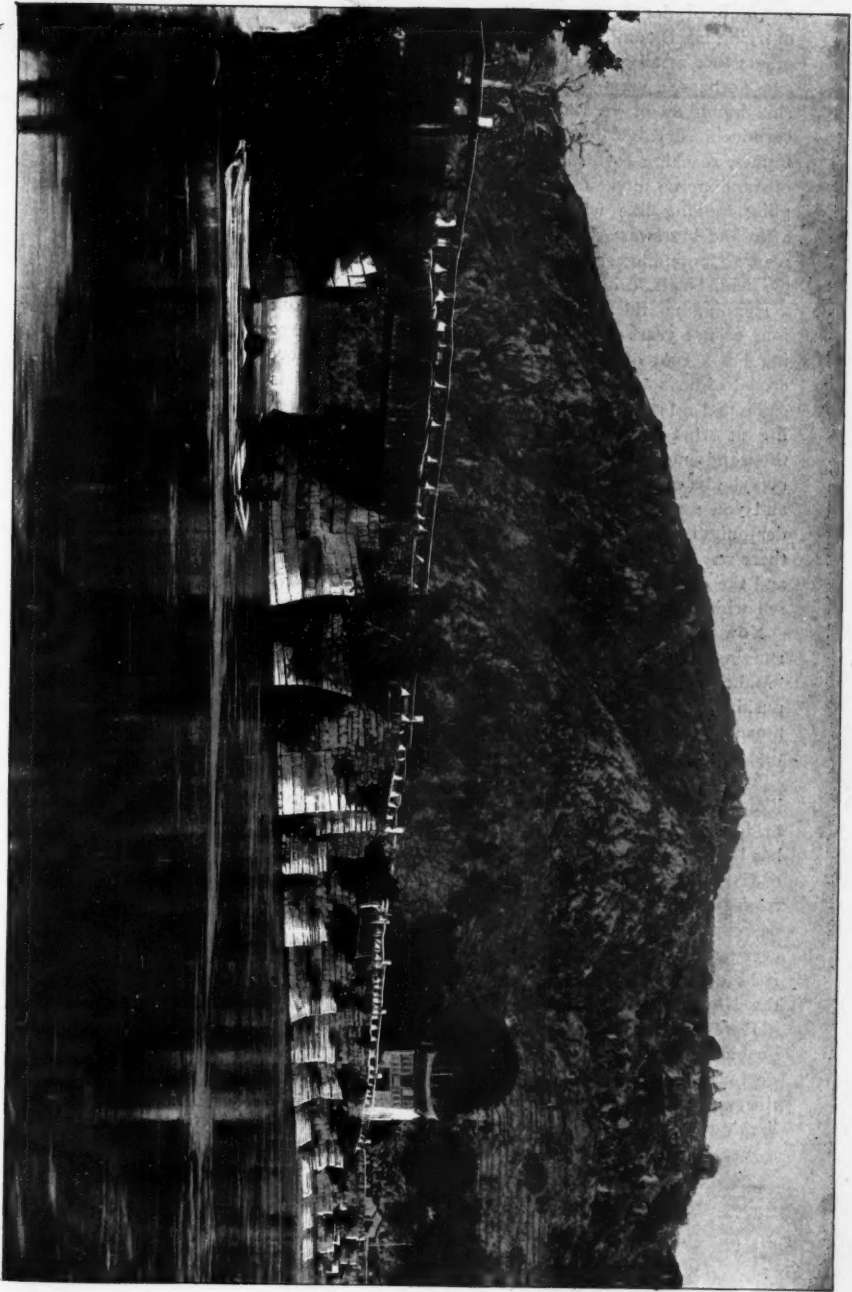
I was not long in dressing; and by quarter-past three was in my chair on the road to the doctor's.

The first thing I heard as I came in the gate was the doctor's "Well, I have seen Morriss and got the Tingchi, and we'll get along in fine style now. The men are so beastly slow in getting out the way unless there's some one along to make them. I see you're on time; quite an unusual thing, I should say, for you, by the way you turn up at dinner parties—from a quarter to half an hour late. I see the East has woven its influence about you, as well as the

old residents, even if you are a new-comer. Better have a whiskey-sell before we start; don't know when we'll get another."

He was on the veranda in a long chair, looking as comfortable as possible; and as the boy brought out the drinks at once, we lighted our cigars—which one must smoke if he wishes to have any relief from the beastly smells of the Chinese streets—I proposed that we start along, as it was a little after three-thirty, and we had no time to spare.

The coolies swung us up on their shoulders in our chairs and started off at the peculiar gait they always have, which is keeping out of step as much as possible; and in a few moments found ourselves in the Chinese streets. Men pushing, shoving and crowding to get into the city; small-pox and many other diseases on all sides; the worst beggars in the world; the lepers, putting their hands almost in our faces for cash; women going to the paddy fields, where they work during the day; men and boys carrying water, vegetables, rice cakes, shoes and a thousand and one things on bamboos swung across their shoulders—a moving mass of people such as can be seen nowhere except in a street, six to ten feet wide, inside of a big Chinese city. Stores all open in front, with no doors, or all doors, which ever you like; here one with a score or more men splitting bamboos and weaving them into baskets; next a silk store, with roll upon roll of silks, mostly bright, but some in most dainty and beautiful colors and texture imaginable. On one side of the street a "Chow" shop, with its piles of hardened rice flour, looking like a mound of dirty salt or sugar, its little mounds of congealed pigs' blood, hundreds of rice cakes and many other edibles. In front, protruding into the street, and narrowing it considerably, stoves built of clay, with blazing charcoal fires, the smoke of which almost stifles you, covered with hot stews of all kinds, for sale at a few cash per cup. On the last fire a big



"The Great Bridge of 'Ten Thousand Ages' which has been standing since the Birth of Christ."



pot, full of doughnuts, and the odor of frying fat, is combined with the many others that assail your nostrils. Opposite, perhaps, a vermicelli shop, on one side hundreds of yards of pure white vermicelli drying on huge wooden frames, reaching to the ceiling; on the other, done up in skeins and stacked in piles, looking like white wool. Here a tin and brassware shop, with a dozen men all pounding sheets of brass into pitchers, bowls, candlesticks, etc.

Running up the street is a little tot, four or five years old, clothed in nothing but a coat of tan; here is another crowd of boys and girls, dressed with a smile and a bracelet on the ankle, playing at what might be jack-stones; a thousand men, everyone yelling for everybody else to get out of his way, and you would really think that "pandemonium had broken loose," or that there was going to be a political parade, and the different parties were trying to see which could out-voice the other.

Now we find how useful the Tinchis are, running ahead of us and calling out: "Make way for the great Americans!" pushing and shoving those that don't move quickly and knocking those down that don't move at all.

After an hour of ever-changing scenes like these, and after crossing the great bridge of "ten thousand ages," which has been standing since before the birth of Christ, with stone slabs composing it, from twenty to thirty feet long, so that we wonder in crossing how they were ever put in place without the aid of derricks or machines, we arrive at last at the North gate.

Here there is more hurrying and pushing than in the city, even. At the doctor's suggestion, we get on top of the wall as soon as possible, where, looking through the ramparts, we have a very good view of the execution

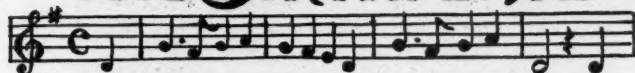
ground, some fifteen or eighteen feet below us, crowded with several thousands, who have collected to see this pirate's execution.

We were just on time. In a few minutes, midst the din of a Chinese band, which is usually composed of several gongs, a flute and a reed instrument, which has a squeaking sound peculiarly Chinese, we see the high officials in their green sedan chairs, dressed in long red, embroidered robes. They are set down in front of a grand stand, which has been erected for the purpose, and have no more than alighted, when the condemned is seen, carried in a large wooden cage, resembling the crates in which crockery ware is packed. He is dumped out, and kneels on the ground. One man seizes his queue and draws his head forward, while the executioner, standing on his left, holding the heavy, keen-edged sword in both hands, with one stroke, severs the head from the body. There is a mighty cheering, the officials re-enter their chairs, and in less time than it takes to tell it, there is nothing left except that one reminder, that another criminal has received his just deserts. It is all so quickly done that we are hardly aware that anything has happened.

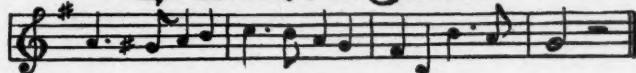
We went down and took photographs of the body; the doctor examined it in an interested way, as if he was not often in a position to prove the theories concerning decapitation.

We entered our chairs, and in less time, even, than it took us to go, the coolies called out: "Que Mung Ah," the big wooden gates of the doctor's compound swung open, and with a "chin chin," I went home, and after a bath and change into clean white ducks, found the house coolie lazily swinging the punkah over my breakfast table.

## THE BIRTHPLACE.



## OF A COLLEGE SONG.



BY ELLA SHEARMAN PARTRIDGE

WHEN the strains of the old familiar university song, "Andreas Hofer," came floating up to our little balcony we leaned eagerly over the railing to see the singers, whose voices rang out strong and clear in the fresh spring air.

"In Mantua in chains  
The gallant Hofer lay,  
In Mantua to death  
Led him the foe away;  
His brothers' hearts bled for the chief,  
For Germany's disgrace and grief  
And Tyrol's mountain land.

"His hands behind him clasped,  
With firm and measured pace  
Marched Andrew Hofer on;  
He feared not death to face,  
Death, whom from Iselburg aloft,  
Into the vale he sent so oft  
In Tyrol's holy land.

"But when from dungeon-grate  
In Mantua's stronghold,  
Their hands on high he saw  
His faithful brothers hold,  
'O God be with you all,' he said,  
And with the German realm betrayed,  
And Tyrol's holy land."

The song, or, at least, the melody, has probably been sung in every college and university by generation after generation of students, almost with the same spirit and hearty admiration for the bold rebel as that which stimulated the young Tyroleans who were passing our hotel on their way down to the bridge, not far distant, where the brave Andreas Hofer and his followers made

their first strike for liberty on the night of April 21st, 1809.

We probably realized for the first time since our arrival in Innsbruck that we were actually in the quaint old town where this patriotic song had its origin.

Almost surrounded by some of the most magnificent snow-capped mountains in Europe, which watch and guard it so jealously, and which serve as a natural fortress in times of foreign invasion, what better theatre could have been chosen for the scenes which were enacted here in that fateful year, when the Tyrol was wrested from Austria and ceded to Bavaria, the ally of Napoleon.

Andreas Hofer, an innkeeper, and his allies, Speckbacher and Hapsinger, incited the Tyrolese to rebel against this injustice and to liberate their country from the foreign yoke.

Their first attempt at the bridge was successful; but that ground was soon taken from them. A few successes and many failures rendered the rebel forces desperate. And when, in August, Hofer saw the Austrian army leaving Innsbruck, after the armistice of Znaim, and abandoning the town to the mercy of Lefebvre and his fifty thousand men, he swore that he would conquer or die.

"Hidden in an impenetrable gorge, he sent from valley to valley his call to arms. He signed his orders 'Andreas Hofer, from where I am.' The chiefs addressed their replies 'To Andreas Hofer, wherever he is.'"



Innsbruck, the Quaint Old Town where the Patriotic Song had its Origin

Already he had inspired his countrymen with his own ardent patriotism, and a new Roncevaux was impending above the perilous defile of Sack.

The vanguard of Lefebre, under Rouyer, had advanced to Sterzing, with orders to cross the gorge and sweep away the insurgents.

The Bavarians advanced without meeting any resistance; but when the whole corps was in the defile a sudden cry resounded on the mountains: "No quarter! No quarter!"

This signal was followed by a terrible crash; rocks, trunks of trees, loosened by the Tyroleans and held together with ropes until the signal, were set free, and an avalanche of enormous pines, rocks and earth fell on the troops and crushed them. From every opening rushed men, women and children, hurling themselves on the enemy with the cry: "Our God and our country!" The enemy was completely routed, and fled to Innsbruck. After eight hours Hofer marched straight to the town, and after a fierce struggle Lefebre evacuated, and on the 15th of August, Hofer, at the head of his army, marched through the streets, the people blessing him as the savior of their country, and crowding around him in the old Franciscan church, where he went to give thanks for the victory.

But a price was set on his head, and he was soon betrayed and imprisoned in Mantua, where, by the order of Napoleon, he was put to death.

"O God be with you all," he said,  
And with the German realm betrayed,  
And Tyrol's holy land."

And the little capital of the land whose freedom he won still nestles in the shadow of the protecting heights which loom above it like solemn guardians grown hoary with servitude.

In the summer time the mountain flowers, in which Goethe says the blood

shed by the country's heroes is recalled to life—sweet Alpine roses, velvety edelweiss and gay blue gentian—grow only one kilometer above and almost overlook the trim, well-kept gardens, quite within nodding acquaintance with their cultivated, more brilliant neighbors.



Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolean Patriot

In its singularly unique position, geographically, being half way between Berlin and Rome, Milan and Vienna, Innsbruck is exposed to the southern winds, with, as a result, the winters being very mild, the warm breath from Italy clothing the region in almost a perpetual bloom.

The great Brenner Pass, with its splendidly constructed Roman roads, which have served as guides to the engineers of the nineteenth century, and by which the Emperor Augustus brought Germany into communication with



"The quiet old street which seems to stretch away from the Market Place and disappear at the foot of the overhanging mountains."



Italy, forms a passage through which the soft Italian air is wafted toward the Fatherland.

From the time of the Roman occupation the little town grew and flourished under the rule of the Lords of Meran and Tyrol. In 1363, however, the last Lord of Meran died without a male heir, and his daughter, Margaret, sold her inheritance to her cousin, Rudolph IV., Duke of Austria, and from that time the Tyrol has been connected in evil days and good with the house of Hapsburg.

Austria is very lenient with her Tyrolese, and has allowed them to be exempt from some of the taxes which are borne by her other provinces; they are also only required to furnish recruits to one regiment, the Kaiserjäger, which is stationed in the confines of the Tyrol.

It is said that the Parliament of the Tyrol is the only one of the kind in Austria, in which the Deputies of the peasants are admitted along with the nobles and burghers.

From the windows of the Landhaus in the Maria Theresien strasse, where the Parliament assembles, can be seen, on market days—Tuesdays and Saturdays—a busy, animated scene, quite unequaled for the diversity of races and variety of costumes.

The bright dresses of the peasants form pleasing spots of color in the quiet old street, which seems to stretch away from the market place for a short distance, and disappears abruptly at the foot of the overhanging mountains, against which the subdued tints of the quaint houses stand out in bold relief.

In one of the houses in this old street the Tyrolean poet, Herman Van Glim, was born; and just around the corner of the arcade is one of the oldest hotels in Europe, the Goldener Adler, which has been frequented by many potentates and illustrious men. Here Heinrich Heine, Goethe, Andreas Hofer and numberless Kings and Queens have been entertained.

Down at the end of the street, the Hof Gasse, is the queer old house, with

a balcony covered with a golden roof. One tradition has it that the Duke Frederick, of the empty purse, wishing to give the lie to his soubriquet, erected this building at the expense of thirty thousand ducats. Another says that Maximilian I. built it in honor of his marriage with Bianca of Milan, and the fresco representing the Emperor and his two wives, painted in the year 1500, gives almost satisfactory proof of its origin.

Passing beneath the archway, we leave the oldest part of the town, with its crooked streets, quaint escutcheons, strange decorative banners and frescoed arches, and find ourselves in front of the Hofburg, the Emperor's palace, which is the fourth edifice erected on this spot, and which only dates as far back as Marie Therese.

Opposite the palace is the Franciscan church, whose works of art have become renowned all over the world. The tomb of Maximilian, surnamed the last of the Knights, in the centre of the church, is one of the most beautiful pieces of sculpture in Europe. It is ornamented on the four sides by twenty-four bas-reliefs in Carrara marble, which are the admiration of the world. They depict the life of the Emperor, and the many reproductions of costumes and armor are of priceless value as authority for historians and artists.

One morning, while I was standing in front of the upper end of the tomb, peering through the delicate wrought iron railing protecting it, a ray of light from one of the stained glass windows sent a radiance over the snowy marble. In one of the tiny figures in the relief, just facing the light, the sculptor, probably unknowingly, left two pieces of glistening quartz in the hollows of the eyes, giving the appearance in the bright light of living, twinkling eyes. The effect was very singular, reminding one of a portrait among those of the Popes which decorate the interior of St. Paul's Without at Rome, in which, instead of painted eyes, diamonds or brilliants

were inserted, and the result is most startling.

Among other interesting objects in the old Tyrolean church is the monument erected to the memory of Andreas Hofer, who is buried here, as are also his companions in arms, Speckbacher and Hapsinger.

Yet, notwithstanding the fascinating sights within the town, the great moun-

tains, with their ever-changing lights and shadows, offer such a variety of views as cannot be equaled. One longs to penetrate beyond the blue mist which hovers over them; the glowing radiance at sunset, the rose color and purple and gold, rival any artistic palette, making the works of art in the galleries fade into insignificance beside nature's own.

## BEFORE THE TAKU GLACIER\*

BY ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD

What art thou, O gem of Alaska's fair clime?  
A beauty defying  
The footstep of Time?

And who was thy sculptor? The hand of the years  
Each telling a story  
Of smiles and of tears?

What gives thee thy color? The heavens' own blue  
Coming down to caress thee  
And leaving its hue?

And who are thy polishers? Nymphs of the sea  
In love with the glory  
Of dancing on thee?

How freely they throw the rough edges away  
To the care of old Neptune!  
(It thunders, we say.)

And how he then tosses them up into place  
As full-fledged, fair icebergs,  
Reflecting his face!

O Taku, rare gem on America's breast!  
Thou hast opened thy beauty —  
With God be the rest!

\* While the Muir Glacier is more grand, being the larger, the Taku appealed more to my sense of beauty — was more a gem.

## LIVING FASHION PLATES

NOW that the mid-winter season has fairly arrived, we may expect a short respite from fashion's radical changes. No pronounced novelties are likely to be forthcoming, and the question, What shall we wear? seems to be settled for the present season at least. But there are constant variations of this pet theme of dress which keep up a perpetual interest in all the little details which make the variety. With the exception of hats, much can be said in praise of the present fashions, for they are easily adapted to every woman's style of figure, and vastly becoming to all womankind, providing women use any degree of taste in making their selections. Dress in all its various phases of exaggeration and extravagance may seem frivolous, indeed, but when a plain woman can be transformed into a very attractive one by careful attention to the style, coloring and harmony of her raiment, the subject assumes an importance which few women can afford to ignore; art is a wonderful help to nature in this branch of decoration.

We are glad to note, on the other hand, that of late art is fast being compelled to abandon a stronghold over which she has held sway to the wrong preclusion of nature. We refer to the compressed waist and its present emancipation. It can be no longer doubted but that the wasp waist has fallen into disfavor, and that fashion and hygiene are now working strenuously together towards this end. The popularity of loose blouses and shirt waists may be partly responsible for the gradual increase of waist measurement. Certainly there is no longer any beauty value set upon an artificially compressed form.

The most interesting developments in fashion just at present are seen in the skirts, which show a decided tendency for trimmings of all kinds. The latest

silk gowns from Paris are beruffled from the hem to the waist. Black taffeta silk seems to be the most fashionable material for skirts to wear with odd waists, and the ruffles are either hemmed or pinked on the edge and are four or five inches wide. In some instances they are in graduated widths, not more than nine inches wide at the bottom nor less than four at the waist. A novelty among the new silk skirts is the one without any lining at all. It is cut somewhat in the bell fashion, and is trimmed with rows of black velvet ribbon from the hem to the knee. Bands of bias velvet and satin, with a space between, are also used for skirt trimming, and bias folds arranged to lap a little over each other like tucks are set in around the bottom. Another novel and useful skirt trimming for the street woman is a group of small tucks down the straight edge of each gore, the first one lapping over the seam. Modistes are overwhelmed with inquiries concerning the length, width and stiffness of dress skirts for the coming season. Four to four and one-half yards is the average circumference of the newest skirts, and the seven-gored model is still a leading favorite. The skirts have no ripples whatever, but the graceful moderately expanding effect of each separate gore is plainly defined, and all exaggerations in width have wholly vanished. The back of the skirt is invariably full, and the former stiff interlining reduced to a facing; and where silk linings are not desired one of their satisfactory substitutes—repped suraline or rustle percaline—is used by the modiste, with or without a moreen of hair-cloth facing. Many of the very best dressmakers are using soft, thin outing cloth as an interlining for wedding toilets and gowns of light silk or satin. This gives the skirt a body and a heavy elegant effect, and improves the hang of



The Empress of Germany

In tailor-made costume of gray corduroy. Jacket faced with sable and decorated with silk applique braid. Bonnet, brown, fancy braided, trimmed with taffeta ribbon of same color, and with sigrettes and pink roses

the skirt. It is better than the cotton flannels formerly used because, while it is quite protective, it is much lighter. In some cases where the figure is inclined to stoutness, the outing cloth reaches only two-thirds of the length of the skirt on the front and sides, but the entire length in the back.

The first reproduction given in the current number of this magazine is that of a stylish tailor-made walking gown, as worn by the Empress of Germany.

There never was a time in the history

of winter fashions when tailor-made gowns played so conspicuous a role as at present. They are the most correct thing, and smartest things that can be worn. The fit, style and workmanship that men tailors put into a garment add very materially both to the wear and the wearer's comfort. The fabrics this season are of exquisite mixtures, and afford unlimited opportunities for building tailor-made gowns. The smooth Amazon cloths are used for the smartest costumes. A chesnut-brown cloth



Mary Mannering

A long light broadcloth ulster, trimmed with Persian lamb. Sealskin cape, with tabs of silver fox.  
Black jet toque, with crown and loops of tomato-red velvet and coque plumes



is made up with old-rose pink velvet, and the cuffs on the sleeves have a strap of velvet put on in quite a new way. In London smoke Amazon cloth is a gown that is most attractive.

Other gowns are effectively made out of Lincoln-green cloth, of tan cloth or of velvet.

Perhaps the very smartest, although at the same time severely plain, are the corduroy costumes. It is of this material in the gray color that the Empress is gowned. The jacket basque is tight-fitting, with sable facings around the collar, the cuffs and down the fronts. On these three portions of the jacket,

for decoration, there is also silk applique braid. The bonnet is a brown one, fancy braided, trimmed with taffeta ribbon of the same color, and with aigrettes and pink roses.

Another gown presented in this article is one worn by Yvette Guilbert, that singularly contradictory French singer, who is at present capturing New York again, as she has captured London and Paris, this time at Koster & Bial's. How she does this is a troublesome question to many a critic, for she is wanting woefully the commendation of good looks and a good voice. But the secret seems to lie in her personality



Yvette Guilbert

Dress of dull rose satin, trimmed with jewel passementerie



Elsie DeWolfe

Pink silk slip, with overdress of pink crepe

and in her wonderful talent. For, in spite of the risque songs with which she enthalls her audiences, she is the personification of refinement. The dress in which she is here shown is a dull rose satin, with a full skirt that hangs in many folds, trimmed up and down the front seams with jewel passementerie. A round waist of the same goods is made with yoke and standing collar of wine-colored satin armure, embroidered in dull rose. The sleeves are of the same material as the waist, made with puffs reaching to the elbow and tight-fitting to the wrist. The front of the waist, the epaulettes and the forearm of the sleeves are trimmed with silk and jeweled passementerie, while the girdle is a wine-colored satin ribbon.

The illustration of the English girl, Miss Mary Mannering, the leading lady of Frohman's Lyceum Company, represents her in one of those long light broadcloth ulsters that have such an air of snugness and comfort about them. For a long tramp or a longer drive no manner of wrap is so useful or so smart as the long cloak, which, in spite of the disfavor shown it so many preceding winters, is once more asserting itself, and this time in so many alluring forms womankind is quite taken with it. What can be more comfortable than to have one's self buttoned from top to toe in a snug cloak too thick to admit the sharp winds and too long to make one fearful of soiling one's frock? A type of one of these long cloaks, reaching to the skirt hem, is of smoke-gray beaver, with a tight back, no centre seam, and the two outside seams overlaid with scrolled black silk braid. Just below the waist line a great triple box pleat gathers all the width of the skirt into one place. The double-breasted front

is bordered by a narrow band of Persian lamb, and fastened with big pearl buttons. The collar fits the neck in a beautiful curve, rolling over at the top around the face, and is edged with the fur. The sleeves are a bit wide at the top, but prettily shaped, and brought into a snug lower arm, and wrist finished with an edging of fur. The garment is lined throughout with a soft shade of gray glace, shot with rose-pink, and is furnished with various pockets interlined with the same dainty stuff. Miss Mannering's ulster has double-breasted fronts and lapped seams, with several lines of stitching on the sleeves to produce the desired finished effect. The costume is completed by a sealskin cape, with tabs of silver fox, and a black jet toque, with crown and loops of tomato red velvet, and coque plumes.

The last photograph of the issue shows Miss Elsie de Wolfe in an evening gown of silk and crepe. Miss de Wolfe, in her many parts under Frohman's management, has been called upon to wear not a few showy costumes; so many, in fact, that a certain critic was tempted to speak of her as Frohman's clothes-horse. Be that as it may, Miss de Wolfe always carries her gowns with the inimitable grace of a woman accustomed to the best in life, and the clothes themselves, therefore, never savor of the property room. Her gown in the representation consists of a pink silk slip, with over-dress of pink crepe. The waist is a full blouse one of the crepe lining of the silk, with pink velvet leg-o'-mutton sleeves. The bodice is cut square in the neck, edged with cream lace insertion, from which a jabot of cream guipure lace falls both back and front. The girdle and loops on the skirt are of black passementerie.



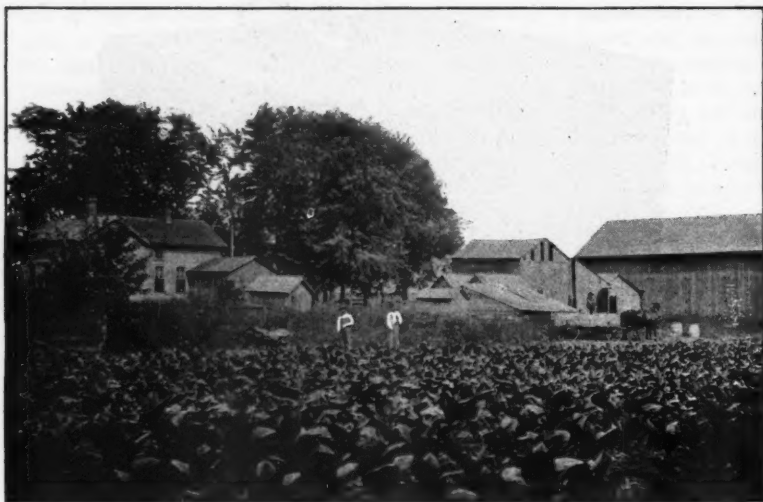
A Case of American Tobacco

## TOBACCO CULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES

**I**T IS only of recent years that the United States has acquired any considerable reputation as a tobacco-growing country. It was not because American tobacco was inferior in quality or less perfect in cure than the imported weed that native industry has been so backward, but because the American gentleman in his smoking tastes has proven himself to be an exceedingly conservative personage. For more than a century he has been so under the influence of the magic word "Havana" as to have been unwilling, in even the slightest degree, to turn his attention towards a home product. So great has been this prejudice that native culture, handicapped at the outset, has never received enough encouragement to give an impetus to the industry. Work as the American grower might to improve his methods, yet it would only result in his being obliged to stand in the background and

be content himself with the lowest of prices, for the man who smoked governed the demand, and the demand was for a Cuban export.

This condition of things has, however, undergone a pronounced change within the past few years. The cause of this change, like the nature of most causes, is not easy to specifically determine. The one thing that has perhaps counted the most of all is the recent tendency among Americans to believe that the time has now come when a home product may be considered at least the equal of what before was the only correct and superior thing to use, namely: an imported article. With this tendency as the underworking influence, and General Weyler's recent edict, which forbids the exporting of tobacco from Cuba in the leaf, we have approximately the reason for the present prosperity in tobacco growing of the United States.



An Illinois Tobacco Plantation

The annual production of what the red man first called "tabago" may now be placed in the region of five hundred million pounds. The amount of revenue received by the Government on this commodity is, as might be expected, enormous. During the past twenty-

seven years the Treasury of our country has been enriched to the extent of one billion dollars, attributable to the export values and the internal revenues collected on tobacco. And the cause of all this immense traffic is no greater thing than a little seed, so small that



View of Tobacco Field at Nora, Jo Daviess County, Ill., the Heart of the Tobacco Country.  
Men Hoeing and Weeding the Plants





A Tobacco Farm in New Hampshire

enough to plant ten acres of land and yield thousands of pounds of the weed will lie with ease in the palm of your hand.

At the present day tobacco is grown in at least a dozen states, the leader of which in the amount of production is Pennsylvania. The others following in order, without regard to merit, are Connecticut, Ohio, Wisconsin, New York, Florida, Massachusetts, Illinois, Virginia, Kentucky and Vermont. The

seed leaf is grown principally in the Connecticut Valley, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin and Massachusetts; the bright leaf in Virginia and the Carolinas; the white burley in Kentucky, Wisconsin and Illinois, and the shipping leaf in Kentucky, Tennessee and Florida.

Pennsylvania as a tobacco growing section has always yielded large harvests. Last year sixty-four million five hundred thousand pounds were raised



Tobacco Full Grown



A Tobacco-drying House

and sold in that state alone. Dealers received it and emphatically expressed themselves that it was not so very different, after all, from the much-lauded Havana. The peculiarity of Pennsylvania tobacco is that it has a gummy leaf. The tobacco leaf itself is the shape and size of the rubber house plant. It might easily be mistaken for it. It

Lancaster County, in Pennsylvania, was for many years, and probably is now, the leading tobacco growing county of the United States. When the business was in its prime, some years ago, the area of tobacco in the county was about sixteen thousand acres, with an annual product of fifty thousand cases. During the past several years,



Gathering the Tobacco Leaf

grows about four feet high and bears a slender-veined leaf. In the Keystone State this leaf has a close texture and a gumminess that unfits it for wrappers, but makes it very fine for filler. It could be substituted, it is said, for the best Cuban filler in the world without detection by experts.

in consequence of the unfavorable seasons, the crops have been inferior, and therefore the acreage and production have fallen off greatly. The average planting on each farm is small, each farmer putting out only from two to five acres, very rarely ten. The yield per acre varies with the season and kind



A Tobacco Field (Young Plants)

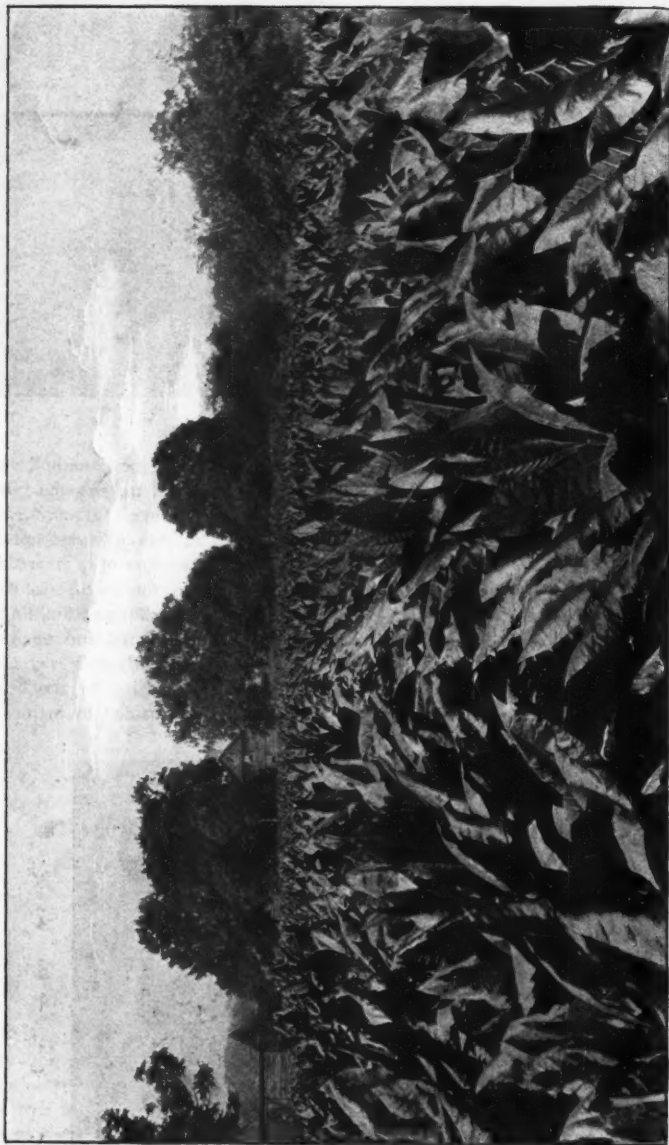
of tobacco. Havana seed yielding from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds to the acre and seed leaf from twelve hundred to twenty-five hundred pounds.

Pennsylvania has taken particular care to foster the industry by establishing two experimental stations, one in Lancaster County, the Donegal station, and the other in the northern part of the State. At these stations artificial fertilizers are tested and experiments are

made to ascertain the best methods of growing and curing the tobacco. At present the Snow process of curing is receiving much attention, and opinion is divided as to its superiority over the customary method. Ordinarily, in the curing, the tobacco is hung in buildings which are freely ventilated and opened every day to the air. By this way the tobacco is cured or dried by the heat in the atmosphere, unaided by artificial



"Stringing"



Field of Havana Tobacco at the Massachusetts State Agricultural Experiment Station at Poughonock.  
Man's hat, at left of picture, is 5 1-2 feet from the ground.

means, and about a month is consumed in the process. In the Snow process the tobacco is hung in buildings that have been made as nearly air-tight as possible, the boards being grooved. Artificial heat is thrown among the tobacco by an arrangement of flues, and in three or four days the tobacco is cured. Besides the brief time required by it, another advantage claimed for the Snow process is that it prevents the destruction of tobacco by "black mot," or molding, which frequently occurs in the ordinary method during unfavorable weather. The experimental stations are in charge of the professor of the Pennsylvania State College. They make reports to the various associations of tobacco growers, and also deliver lectures on the subject before these bodies.

An idea of the importance of the tobacco industry to Lancaster County and the prominent part it plays in making it the richest agricultural district in the Union, may be gotten from the fact that the insurance on tobacco and tobacco warehouses in the county annually amounts to more than three millions of dollars.

In Connecticut it is claimed that there is not a single farmer who does not raise tobacco. The Connecticut wrapper is dry and tough. It has moisture enough to keep the cigar in flavor, yet it does not break. There is this peculiar quality to the leaf that makes it in such demand for wrapping purposes. But it is in the flavor that the Connecticut leaf excels. There is a rich taste that makes all foreign tobacco lifeless after one good Connecticut leaf cigar. Connecticut was one of the first states to engage in the growing of tobacco for cigar leaf purposes; indeed, it may be said to have been the first of all. The peculiar soils of certain portions of the state—the alluvial lands along the river valleys—were found to be particularly adapted to the production of a desirable leaf. The intelligent attention that tobacco received here in the past has undoubtedly assisted greatly in the development and improvement of the

leaf, and has also been the cause of other states and sections adopting tobacco as a farm crop, emulating the success that Connecticut gained many years ago, when the entire product of the state, and almost the entire market supply for domestic cigars, was confined to a few hundred acres scattered through the Valley of the Connecticut River.

The first and only tobacco grown here for a time was the broad leaf, or what has become to be known as "Connecticut seed leaf." At first cigars were made entirely of this tobacco, but gradually the leaf assumed its proper place in the trade, and was used for the wrappers of the cigar, those portions of the crop which were unfit for this being used as filler in connection with the imported Havana, or the product of other localities. The 'fifties, perhaps, did more than any other decade to bring "broad leaf" tobacco into prominence. The characteristics of this variety are a stocky plant, with about sixteen serviceable leaves after topping, standing then about three and a half feet in height, with broad leaves averaging from twenty-four to thirty inches in length, with a breadth in the widest part of fifteen to eighteen inches. Such is the leaf that gives Connecticut tobacco its reputation—one that it still holds without a rival in this distinct variety of leaf. In the latter part of the 'seventies the encroachment of Sumatra tobacco led the growers to partially abandon the broad leaf and experiment with "Havana seed" in the attempt to produce an imitation of the Sumatra wrapper. As would naturally result, many localities were discovered wherein this variety flourished and became exceedingly popular. The best localities, perhaps, were those that could not produce the broad leaf successfully. The result has been that Connecticut is now producing two distinct types of cigar leaf, each having its admirers and advocates, although within the past few years the old localities of the Connecticut



Valley have drifted back to the earlier established variety.

The state of Ohio is not commonly thought of as a great tobacco growing district, yet of its round ten millions of acres under cultivation fifty thousand are given up to tobacco culture, and the average crop of the state is thirty million pounds. The most interesting portion of the tobacco belt of Ohio lies in Wayne and Medina Counties, although the greatest tobacco growing counties are Brown, Darke, Montgomery and Noble counties in the southern pars of the state. In fact, tobacco is grown in fifty-three of the eighty-eight counties of Ohio. The best Ohio tobacco is grown in a sandy soil, and in the county of Medina some three hundred acres are given up to Spanish seed leaf every year. The growers say that the expense per acre up to the time and including the harvesting runs about sixty dollars, and that other expenses coming on from time to time until the product is ready for the market, averages twenty-five dollars per acre, making a total of eighty-five dollars. The plant is a profitable crop, even at these figures. The seeds are sown in beds prepared for the purpose and are covered over with glass or canvas. About the first of April the seed is sown, and with proper care and proper moistening the plants soon grow and become hardy. They are transplanted about the first of June, the ground having first received a liberal amount of common manure, which is pulverized and plowed in. In dry weather they require watering to secure good results, but if started after a good rain they will grow without any further trouble. When the plant has so matured that the buds are developed the top is nipped off, so as to leave twelve to fourteen leaves. Thereafter they stand from three to four weeks, or until fully matured.

The best quality of tobacco is grown in a warm season with plenty of moisture. After the plants are fully matured they are cut off at the roots with tobacco shears, and after being sheathed

are ready to be taken to the shed and and there strung on a lath four feet long, seven or eight plants to a lath. They are then hung on poles prepared for that purpose at the proper distance of seven feet. A long time intervenes between the harvesting and getting the tobacco ready for market. Frequently from ten months to a year elapses before the product is ready for disposal. After it is cured the bunches have to be stripped, and this is mostly done in Ohio in cold weather. The doors of the sheds are open during a damp period, and the leaves being properly moistened, are taken down and stored in a cellar or some place where they are not liable to dry out. From there they are taken in to the stripping room, arranged on tables, where they are sorted according to lengths and quality, and then tied into hands of proper size, eighteen to twenty leaves in a hand, and then pressed in bulk until the grower is ready to pack them into boxes for shipment. The room for bulking is kept as cool as possible, so as not to induce sweating before the leaves are packed in cases. These cases hold from three hundred and twenty-five to three hundred and fifty pounds each, and when the tobacco is packed it is considered ready for market. It is often held until it has gone through the sweating process, and is then ready for the manufacturer.

Good Ohio tobacco land is worth at this time from eighty-five to one hundred dollars per acre. Tobacco culture on a large scale is comparatively new in this state, and the farmers engaged in it are uniformly prosperous and content.

It is peculiar of Illinois that its tobacco crop grows principally at the extreme ends of the state. That used in the manufacture of plug tobacco is grown in the south, while the finer grade, grown from Havana seed and made into smoking tobacco and cigars, flourishes in the north. An old darkey in the employ of Squire Stanton of Jo Daviess County, at the close of the War,

put out a little patch of tobacco for his own consumption. The crop was a success, and it was discovered that the soil was especially adapted to the production of the "weed." The next year the farmers in that vicinity began to raise small fields of tobacco in connection with their other crops. It was not long before many abandoned general farming and devoted their entire time to tobacco culture. At present there are six hundred acres of land within a ten-mile square given up to tobacco farming. The tobacco region proper includes Western Stephenson and Eastern Jo Daviess Counties. It requires but a small tobacco plantation to support a family. From one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars is realized from an acre. Of that sum one-half goes for rental, labor and other expenses. Nearly as much work is required to cultivate five acres of tobacco as to care for an eighty-acre farm as cropped in Illinois. The enemies of the plant in Illinois, as in most other states, are the grasshopper and the large green tobacco worm, both of which may be kept off by due vigilance. The grasshopper makes a sieve out of the leaf, and the worm eats from the outer edge towards the centre, giving it a ragged appearance. Sometimes a whole crop of tobacco is destroyed just as it is ready to be cut.

The cultivation of tobacco in the territory now known as the state of Florida dates back for centuries. The Indians, in their crude way, first planted the leaf; then the Spaniards came into possession, raising tobacco for their own needs and for export to the mother country. The impression is general that tobacco culture in Florida is now going through its experimental stage. This is true in regard to some parts of the state, but the success of making tobacco in several counties in Florida since the territory became the property of the United States was clearly demonstrated long before the Civil War. Away back in 1849 Gadsden County alone produced 776,177 pounds of to-

bacco, and in 1860 the crop in that county amounted to one million two hundred thousand pounds. This tobacco consisted chiefly of the old Florida leaf, a superior quality of tobacco that was much sought after by manufacturers of fine cigars. The unsettled condition of this state during and after the war practically put an end to the growing of this grade of tobacco, but since the recent revival of the industry the old planters, remembering the great demand for the old Florida leaf, are searching about for seed, with a moderate degree of success, and within a few years the acreage in this variety of tobacco will probably be large. Meanwhile the younger planters are paying attention to the cultivation of the fine grades of Cuban tobacco. Strictly speaking, tobacco culture in Florida is a lost art. Soon after the war those who raised diversified crops gave up everything to engage in orange culture, as that gave promise of eclipsing everything else in agricultural and horticultural pursuits. No one thought of engaging extensively in the culture of tobacco, rice, sugar cane, potatoes, melons or any of the hundred and one things that the soil and climate of this state can produce, until after the freeze of December, 1894, and that which immediately followed in February, 1895. Then, with groves that ten, twenty and thirty years had seen flourish and bring forth an abundant harvest each season, were cut down to the roots. The railroads of the state, being then interested in the development of the country and the successful raising of diversified crops, owing to the fact that the state gave them large tracts of land in compensation for internal improvements made, spent much time and money, through their land departments, in ascertaining what would prove the most valuable crop as a substitute for orange culture. It was discovered that several valuable crops could be raised, but the most promising was tobacco, provided the farmers could be instructed in the intricate details of curing, so necessary

to the production of a first-class marketable article. With what degree of success these corporations have met is best explained in recent circulars. One just issued by the Plant system gives the following comprehensive data: "We recommend to farmers on the line of the Plant system the advisability of planting tobacco this year. The demand for high-grade Cuban cigar tobacco is now far beyond the supply, which condition is likely to continue for an indefinite period, owing to the civil war existing in Cuba, which has practically paralyzed the tobacco industry there. No tobacco is now exported from Cuba, and none will be planted there this year. The world is now looking to Florida for its supply of fine grade Cuban leaf cigar tobacco. We are informed that German tobacco dealers have engaged the crop of a Florida grower at the rate of two dollars per pound. This price is, of course, for a strictly high-grade article. It would be within bounds to estimate fifty cents per pound at present for a good Florida cigar tobacco. We see no reason why Florida should not produce a tobacco equal in all respects to the Cuban article."

Mr. H. Curtis, the agricultural and immigration agent of the Florida Central and Peninsular Railroad, a recognized tobacco expert, in regard to the prospect for tobacco culture in Florida, says: "I am pleased to say that the question of successfully growing fine tobacco on the light lands of the Peninsula is no longer a theory, but an actual demonstrated fact, the experimental stage being now passed. I can say that when the proper attention has been given the plants the tobacco will compare favorably with any grown. Three varieties have been tried, namely, Cuba, Sumatra and Old Florida. The leaves of each of these varieties, grown on the hammock lands, have without exception, so far as I have seen, specked beautifully."

The counties in Western and Southern Florida seem to be the best adapted to tobacco culture, but the plant has

been grown on the east coast as well. Last spring the Agricultural Department of the state aided in promoting the cultivation of distributing free a large quantity of fine grade Cuban seed. Many farmers raised a fine leaf, but owing to their ignorance as to the proper method of curing the leaf, its value as a wrapper was lost. Experienced curers have been brought to the state from Cuba, and in the course of a few seasons this difficulty will be removed. The Commissioner of Agriculture estimates that twenty thousand acres were planted in tobacco last spring. An average yield is one thousand pounds to the acre, which should net on an average of fifty cents per pound, or five hundred dollars per acre. The people of the state have great faith in the enterprise and predict that Florida will soon be in a position to cope with Cuba. The duty of something like two dollars per pound on the imported leaf is a protection to Florida growers that they will endeavor to have retained until they are in a position to compete on equal terms. Then the only duty necessary will be sufficient to make up the difference between American and foreign labor.

In Vermont, a few farmers on the lower reaches of the Connecticut River, in the southwestern corner of the state, have found tobacco farming quite profitable since the early sixties. The proper condition for growing the plant, a warm, rich soil, and almost invariably heavy morning fogs, are found only in this limited area. After a dozen years the soil became exhausted and a new industry was checked. The depletion of the soil was due to the ignorance of the farmers, who knew little about cultivating the tobacco and less about preserving the soil. So that now where once were many acres of this plant one sees little but grass and grain. The industry is old enough to show buildings of considerable antiquity, and the first suggestion of tobacco raising found on the Connecticut meadows is seen in the old ventilated barns that are prevalent where tobacco is or was

grown. The only variety cultivated in the state is leaf tobacco, used for making binders, fillers and wrappers for cigars. In 1872, when tobacco farming was at its height, the census showed that two hundred and fifty acres were grown in the narrow strip of Connecticut River land between Windsor and the Massachusetts line. A general falling off in acreage followed a decline in prices paid for American leaf tobacco, until today less than eighty acres are annually raised. These fields are all to be found between Bellows Falls and the township of Vernon. Across the river in New Hampshire are fields of a larger acreage, producing a variety of leaf identical to that grown in Vermont. While the decline has been steady since 1872, it seems probable that the raising of tobacco in the Green Mountain State will again increase, as it is believed the true method of cultivation and soil preservation has lately been discovered. More than this, the Cuban rebellion has raised the price of Havana leaf tobacco, thus increasing the profits of the home producer. The crops, which are known under the names of Connecticut seed and New England product, find a ready

market in New York, Chicago and Lancaster, Pa. In New York and Chicago the tobacco is subjected to the usual curing processes and finds its way into five and sometimes ten-cent cigars. Since the war in Cuba has forced up the price of the Havana leaf the entire cigar is in many cases made from Vermont grown tobacco, although it is not put on the market under that name.

The tobacco raising centre in Vermont is at the historic town of Putney, in the county of Windham, a short carriage drive from Brattleboro, where the fogs from the Connecticut moisten the soil at night and the fervid heat of the sun forces the crops by day. There are in all seven grades of Vermont tobacco. They include the top leaves, dark, strong and of little value; the "first leaves," from 26 to 28 inches long; the second leaves, from 24 to 25 inches in length; the 22-inch leaf, the most valuable wrapper on the plant; the long and sand leaf binders and the fillers. The 22-inch leaf is most valuable for wrapping purposes, being of such a length that there is little waste in cutting. The sand leaf is so called because it grows nearest the ground.

## THE TALE OF A TUNE

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

MR. GULLING was an old man, but he was not a married man. Some thing had gone wrong in the bright young days when opportunity was related to the fitness of things; the relationship had become strained. Years flew by, and the little difficulty between chance and intention retained its blemishes, and the present found Mr. Gulling a bachelor at 60, a condition which 30 years before no one who knew him would have suspected, even entertained. "Jim," as he was called years ago, had been a gay

youth, a Robin Adair, a—but anything savoring of reminiscence was so distasteful to James Gulling, A.M., Ph.D., at his time and position in life, that with the beginning comes the end. Just let it be said charitably that Mr. Gulling was a bachelor, and furthermore, that, in perfect good taste, he testily refused to be called professor, notwithstanding the fact that he occupied the chair of biology and was secretary of the faculty in Jones College. Jones is not the real name of the institution, however. Jones is assumed by the au-

thor, not because he desires to increase the interest in the college by giving it a good, old, historic name, but because it is convenient.

When Mr. Gulling assumed the chair mentioned, he purchased a home on the outskirts of this model college town, a rambling old dwelling at the far end of a shady street, surrounded by tall maples, beautiful cedars and a flower garden which would have been the pride of any botanist. The property had run down considerably, it is true, having been occupied by tenants who gave but little attention to its welfare except when their own personal comforts were directly at issue, and who never lost an opportunity to demand repairs. The long-suffering owner lived in a far-away metropolis, and gladly sold the place to Mr. Gulling, that individual, in turn, congratulating himself on securing such an advantageous bargain. He dubiously acknowledged that the house was too big, too pretentious for a bachelor, yet he could not but experience satisfaction in the additional, though secondary, thought which came to his rescue, as he realized that he could have five or six laboratories, libraries and dens.

Two servants, a man and his wife, were his only companions in the big house. As they persistently inclined toward a stiff conservatism unusual in servants, the biologist was generally left to the solitude of his books, to the study of the living tissue and to the effectual consideration of himself as a biolytic. He fully realized, sunny-natured as he was, that he was hastening himself to the grave through the irksome paths of study, experiment and application.

He was a good-humored scientist, strange to say; fond of company—at times, of course—and always eager to discuss theoretically or practically the issues of the intellect. Occasionally he would talk politics, once in a while religion, and frequently a charming sort of nonsense which gave him rating as a "small-talker." Adscititiously, he was fond of athletics, approved of football, baseball and bicycling—for others—and

loved to fish and shoot. Although he turned to pinguitude, decidedly, was almost able to count the hairs on his own head, and was so near-sighted that he could barely see his pince-nez, he was such a "jolly old boy" that everybody liked him, male and female, young and old. Bluff and blustering, yet polished, he was his own ideal; if you did not like his ideal, it mattered very little to him.

The tenant who had occupied the house immediately prior to his advent was a widow with an only daughter. She had rented nearly all of the rooms in the house to students, but had conscientiously insisted upon a system of order which students do not usually have imposed upon them. When Mr. Gulling bought the place in the spring they moved out and went to another city to reside, the widow in possession of quite a number of unpaid accounts against delinquent roomers, the daughter the possessor of a whole collegeful of hearts. As she figures very dimly in this tale, it is only necessary to say that she was beautiful, sensible and worthy of every particle of admiration which fell upon her. Sensibly, she paid but little attention to it, apparently unconscious of the love she inspired in the ranks of the susceptible. She loved one who loved her, however. Constance Strong gave her heart to poor Fritz Lieb, the German youth who attended the school of music and who occupied the cheapest little room in her mother's house—the attic. Fritz worshipped her, but, diffident fellow, he loved in silence, in reserve, in blindness. She loved him, he loved her; she alone knew that both loved.

Every night Mr. Gulling worked in his den, flitting from library to laboratory and back to den as his quest for material commanded, for he was engaged in the preparation of a treatise on "The Bacteria in Our Water Supplies." If anything served to prevent him from applying himself early in the evening he never failed to take up the obligation when the cause of prevention was removed. In this way he was frequently busy in his home until two and



three o'clock in the morning. Some one said that he could maintain an interesting noctuary, but a very dull diary.

Now, if there was one thing about which the estimable scientist knew absolutely nothing, it was music. He could not whistle a tune, and did not know a hymn from an anthem. Of course he enjoyed catchy airs, sweet melodies and the like, but he never knew their names, their composers or their significance.

One night in late September he sat in his study, pondering over a weighty proposition which had been bothering him for several days. His heels were upon his desk, his head far back in his chair, his gaze upon the ceiling. So long and so intently had he preserved this thoughtful position that his pipe went out and his legs to sleep. It was a crisp, still night, and the eleven o'clock chimes had pealed from the college tower. Usually the whistling of a tune made no impression upon him, but as he sat there dreaming, his ear suddenly took in the notes of an air, whistled through the puckered lips of someone passing by in the street without. The scientist heard the melody in the distance, and its sweetness appealed to his unimpressible ear. He agreed that it was a very pretty tune and then forgot it. The next night he heard the same sweet air, whistled in the distance, then beneath his window, and then in the distance again. This time he admitted that it was a prettier tune than he had thought. And he further thought that he had never heard a better whistler. Every night for a week he heard the same tune, the same whistler and at the same time. Unconsciously he grew so that he would look at his watch and smile as he heard the approaching whistler. It always indicated half-past eleven, and he began to wonder whether the young lady's father knew the fellow stayed until that unseemly hour. Then he smiled as he thought of his own days.

At last this most unmusical of men became, as he termed it, saturated with the melody, and finally grew so that he could imitate several of its move-

ments in a very wheezy, uncertain manner. He invariably began to fall into a duet with the whistler as he heard his lay approaching, producing a sadly mangled combination of discords, false notes and bad time, which he inconsiderately allowed himself to construe into a hitherto unknown ability to carry a tune.

Mr. Gulling's sister, Mrs. Denzer, lived in another city, her daughter, Grace, being her only companion, Mr. Denzer having passed away ten years prior to the period with which the chronicler has to deal. Grace's bachelor uncle worshipped her, and it was he who had presented her with the magnificent piano which stood in the parlor of their comfortable home. Although he knew nothing about the subject himself, he never tired of telling his friends how wonderfully she interpreted Wagner—she was Wagnerian by nature, by practice and by attainment, as he put it. Some of the young and musically inclined professors at Jones College began to allude to Gulling's niece as "Miss Vogner." Now, Mr. Gulling, believing so unflinchingly in the powers of his niece, determined that she should have the piece he was just learning to whistle, providing he could find out its name and its composer.

He therefore made a merry spectacle of himself trying to whistle the air for some of his friends, hoping that they could enlighten him. Some of them admitted that it was a tune, but that they could not tell from his manner of exemplification whether it was a hymn, a jig or a march. Then he went to a couple of music dealers, who heard his unique analysis with puzzled ears. They could not place the tune at all. In despair he called upon Professor Halstead, known to be a musician of some prominence. Halstead said it was a cross between "Old Hundred" and "Suwanee River," so far as he could distinguish, and Gulling said he was a darned young ignoramus. Eventually it occurred to him that the easiest way to get at the bottom of the matter was to ask the fellow who nightly passed with the shrill instrument of nature.

The next time he passed he would step out and ask for information. That same night, as he was looking over an authority in his library, he heard the whistler coming down the street, and dashed bareheaded to the front gate, there to await the pedestrian.

It was a perfectly clear night, a bright full moon hanging over the maples, sending down her beams with all the radiance of a conscious splendor. Mr. Gulling stood at the gate, the cool night breeze suddenly reminding him that he was hatless, coatless and in his study slippers. A strange result attended his determination to accost the musician. While he distinctly heard the whistler approach, pass him by and continue down the street, until the tune became blurred and indistinct in the distance, he did not see him, nor did he hear his tread upon the gravel walk. Mr. Gulling rubbed his eyes, looked bewildered and then went back to his study. For a while he tried reading without his spectacles, merely to convince himself that he had not suddenly been stricken blind. Then he went to bed, muttering something about "devilish, most devilish strange."

The next night he went down to the gate, determined to stop the mysterious whistler, but again he saw nothing, heard nothing save the sweet strains as they passed through the crisp atmosphere before his most penetrating gaze. Now, Mr. Gulling was neither a superstitious man nor a fool. He realized that no one could be fooling him, yet he could not account for the phenomenon. For three hours he sat before his study fire cogitating, going to bed at length with the conviction that he must be delirious. He thought it best to take a little calomel. When, on the next night, he repeated the same operation with the same result, he was a thoroughly alarmed man. "The Bacteria in Our Water Supplies" was neglected, Mr. Gulling reasonably concluding that an insane man could not write intelligently on a subject which required so much soundness of thought. All day long he turned the strange things over in his mind, hesitating a long time be-

fore deciding to go to Professor Halstead with his story. When he at last found himself hailing Halstead on the campus, it was with the self-inflicted impression that he was a big booby.

"Hello, Mr. Gulling! Going my way?" was the young professor's greeting, as he awaited the fleshy gentleman's hasty approach.

"I—ahem—I—Oh, yes! The fact is, I wanted to see you about a little—just an amusing little thing which has happened to me. You'll laugh, I know—enjoy it as much as I do. Do you believe in—in"—and Mr. Gulling paused to wipe his brow in uncertainty.

"I'm sure I don't know. Believe in what?"

"In—in—Oh, the analysis the health officer made of the hydrant water yesterday. Why, Halstead, he says it's pure, etc.," and for two blocks Mr. Gulling poured forth a volume of criticism upon the test made by Dr. Taylor. Prof. Halstead could not help surveying the old gentleman in silent wonder, knowing there was something else on his mind, something he did not know how to express. The younger man unfortunately allowed his companion to catch him in a laugh. That was more than the highly wrought condition of Mr. Gulling could endure, and he felt insulted, lapsing into a stubborn silence, abruptly leaving Halstead at the next corner, saying good-by gruffly.

As the young professor walked briskly away he began to whistle, sending up the strains of his favorite air. Mr. Gulling stopped as if shot, threw up his chin and clasped his hat to keep it from falling off at the jerk. With startled eyes he whirled around, expecting to hear the whistle float past him, or through him, or—but he only saw Halstead's lips puckered, his cheeks extended, his hands in his pockets and his good-looking young head thrown back to give his throat and lungs full sway.

"Good gracious!" gasped Mr. Gulling, as he grasped Halstead's arm from behind, after a rare run across the muddy street. "That's it! That's it!"

"That's what?" gasped Halstead in turn, edging away from what he thought to be a crazy man.

"That tune—what was it—what is it? What's the name of it? Have you been doing it all the time? Hurry up, man! Say, will you tell me the name of that tune or will you not?" shouted Gulling.

"That? Why, Mr. Gulling, what's the matter with you?"—

"Not a d—nothing is the matter with me, sir. I just wanted to know what that tune is. I've been trying to find out for two weeks."

"It's 'La Paloma.' All of the big orchestras play it. But I don't understand why you are so interested."

"I'll tell you—I'll tell you—and then you'll know, of course. Come to my place now, right away. I'll tell you something that will make your hair stand on end. Yes, sir—mine would be as straight now as a porcupine's pins, if I only had the hair. Halstead, I have been nearly crazy!"

"I am afraid you are quite so."

"Wait—wait until you hear and see; no, you won't see, but you will hear. Now, don't think I'm crazy because I talk this way. You'll understand."

So the excited Mr. Gulling conducted Halstead to his home and told him everything, the young man exhibiting commendable interest in the narrative. He agreed to come around that night at eleven o'clock and see for himself. In the meantime Mr. Gulling was to telegraph his sister and her daughter, begging them to come down for a visit. He admitted that he did not like to stay in the house alone. When Halstead came over at eleven he found Mr. Gulling pacing the floor. As he entered the room the young man began to whistle "La Paloma," whereupon the old scientist placed his fingers in his ears, closed his eyes, and exclaimed:

"Good heavens, man! I hear nothing but that tune, day and night. I dream it, I eat it, I drink it, I—don't whistle it again. We will soon hear it performed by someone who knows how to send it clear through a man's existence, from beginning to end. It seems to me that I

was born with that air in my ears, and I know I shall die with it still shrieking there. Sit down—have a chair. Now we'll wait."

"Well, I can tell you something about that piece. It happens to have a little connection with this very house."

"It has a most devilish big connection, sir!"

"Last year, you know, Mrs. Strong kept roomers here, all students except Davis and myself, who occupied the two rooms across the hall from this one. A young German student, Fritz Lieb, poorer than Job's turkey, had the attic room, and a whole lot of high aspirations in consequence. He was taking music, and I will say for him that he had a remarkable talent. The way that boy played the flute was enough to make a man forget all his troubles, all his debts, all his studies. He was truly a phenomenon; music was born in him, and he grew up with it sticking out of every pore. Well, Fritz fell in love with the landlady's daughter, Constance Strong, a beautiful girl—indeed she was, Gulling—the prettiest I ever knew, I believe!"—

"You ought to see my niece," interposed Gulling, glancing at his watch suddenly, as if he had just thought it necessary.

"You ought to have seen Constance. Poor Lieb fell terribly in love with her, and on discovering that she enjoyed a certain piece of music, played it ever so often beneath her window. That piece of music was "La Paloma," and with his magic flute he had a way of producing it that actually made one feel creepy with delight. I have heard him play it below here, at midnight, and I have never forgotten the sensations I experienced while!"—

"Listen! There it comes! Do you hear it? Hurry up—let's get down there!" Mr. Gulling shot down stairs nimbly, followed by Halstead, who had also caught the shrill melody from afar.

The two men stood at the gate, Gulling nervous and excited, Halstead a trifle mystified, but firmly expecting to see a man heave into sight shortly. But

Gulling's story was no myth. He was more than startled when he heard the strains of "La Paloma" float past, within four feet of him, gradually resolving themselves into a whispered *diminuendo*, then—nothing.

"What do you think of that?" whispered Gulling, triumphantly. "Am I crazy?"

"There certainly must be some trick about it," returned Halstead, in rather strained tones.

"Trick nothing! Where does the trick come in? You hear but you do not see—isn't that all there is to it? Well! What have you got to say about it?"

Halstead had nothing to say about it just then, and they returned to the study, where, for two hours, they sat and stared at the fire, the silence being broken only infrequently by an observation involving the mystery and the possibility of a solution. When the young professor left the house, it was with the understanding that he was to come again on the next night. On this second occasion, however, he was to station himself up the street quite a distance, and then walk down to Gulling's with the unseen whistler. And so he did.

At eleven o'clock the next night he stood on a corner far above Mr. Gulling's house. Naturally he listened intently for footsteps, and was almost ready to give up the vigil when he was startled beyond description, as the opening measures of the familiar piece burst upon his ear, coming from a point not twenty feet away. There was something so uncanny, so ghastly about the situation that he shuddered as with a chill, an almost irrepressible desire to run madly in an opposite direction, coming over him. Regaining his composure in a measure he followed the cause of his fright, soon finding himself side by side with the ghostly whistler. Together the man and the melody passed over the space between the corner of Elm street and Gulling's gate. As Halstead drew near, he saw the old gentleman standing in the centre of the sidewalk.

"Which side is it on?" called Gulling in a highly-pitched tremulo.

"My right," almost whispered Halstead. He was too weak to speak aloud firmly.

The stout gentleman forthwith planted himself solidly in a position to the right of Halstead's path and bravely waited. As the young man came up to him, Mr. Gulling jumped wildly to one side, clapped his hands to his ears, staggered as if he had been struck and uttered an exclamation of horror. The whistler had passed through and through him! It was two minutes before Mr. Gulling could speak or move away from the fence which he had seized in his excitement.

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The next day Mrs. Denzer and her daughter arrived. The latter was particularly anxious to visit her uncle, while the college was in action, being very fond of the society which she knew existed where there were so many young professors and students. Not that she was vain, frivolous or unwomanly, but that she relished life and its condiments, as should a good, strong, healthy young woman. She was bright, and she liked to have the world bright about her. When her mother received the telegram, urging them to come at once, she was quite ready to go, strange as it may seem. All of her fall clothes had been made, her hats purchased, her gloves chosen; she had no excuse for delay, and would not have cared for one in any event. She and Mrs. Denzer had been somewhat surprised at Mr. Gulling's hurried invitation, but they considered it one of the eccentricities of his nature. His sister knew him like a book; she knew that he did everything by impulse, and that careful deliberation very seldom invaded the place in which the personal comfort of others should abide. Two days after receiving the despatch, they were on their way to his bachelor home, bag and baggage—two women with charms of person and charms of character, strong enough to make the world happy for the most melancholy of men. Mrs. Denzer was what you would call

a jolly good fellow, if you were speaking of a man. Her daughter was not old enough to be a jolly good fellow, but she was a happy possibility.

Mr. Gulling met them at the depot. In his abstraction, he forgot to go to the station until twenty minutes after train time, and would not have thought about it then had not Halstead asked him on the campus if his friends had come. Then he hurried through the streets like mad, Halstead following at his solicitation, arriving at the depot very much out of breath, and quite apoplectic. The impatient ladies were on the platform, inquiring of the baggage-master just how they could get to the home of the delinquent host. His appearance was a welcome relief.

"Why, James Gulling, did you forget us?" cried his sister, rushing forward to kiss him. Grace kissed him before he could answer, and then both of them pinched him playfully, but rather severely, for he was not used to such womanly capers, being a conscientious bachelor.

"No, indeed! I never forget, do I, Halstead? I was—was unavoidably detained, and—Oh, say! baggageman, this train's changed time, anyhow, hasn't it? It hasn't? Well, I'll swear some one said it had. Oh, by the way, this is Professor Halstead—my sister, Mrs. Denzer, and my niece, Miss Grace Denzer, professor. Professor Halstead is a great friend of mine. He just now met me back here and reminded me—"

"Mr. Gulling flatters me," hastily interposed Halstead, nudging his absent-minded friend, "when he claims me as a friend. It is an honor, I can assure him. And it is a pleasure to know his sister and his niece."

"Well, well—let's get a cab. I wonder why the dev—deuce the hacks are not here for this train?"

"They were, Uncle James; but they went away when the train left—two hours ago, it seems to me," said his niece, airily.

"That's so—that's so! I wonder what's the matter with me. Well, we can walk up to the court house and get

a hack. Come along; it's not far," and off started Mr. Gulling.

"Let me attend to your baggage, Mrs. Denzer. If you will give me the checks I'll have it all sent up to the house," said Halstead, hastily.

"Thank you."

"Say, Halstead, you are so thoughtful that I'll let you attend to all three of us. I'm worse than a baby," spluttered Mr. Gulling, mopping his brow vigorously.

And Halstead did attend to everything for them, strolling down to Gulling's after dinner that evening to see if he had performed his duties satisfactorily. He also had a selfish desire to hear the pretty niece express her thanks for the service he had rendered them. There is something sentimental about a young college professor. He does not teach it, true, but he believes in it. That is one reason he parts his hair in the middle as long as he has the hair to part. When the hair is gone he begins to lose his sentimentalism, much as Sampson lost his strength.

Mrs. Denzer's brother was telling his guests of the mysterious visitations nightly, and was painting a very vivid picture of an unseen object when Halstead arrived, just in time to substantiate a claim or two on which the ladies had placed an expression of doubt.

"They don't believe me, Halstead; you tell 'em all about it. Miss Denzer says I was dreaming when I let that tune pass through my left shoulder last night. Now, I'll leave it to you; was I dreaming?" These were Gulling's words, uttered quite before Halstead had time to greet the ladies or to receive from them even the manifestation of a salutation.

"I must say, Mr. Gulling, that when you gave such unmistakable signs of contact with the whistle last night, I was under the impression that it had passed through your heart instead of your shoulder. Truthfully, though, Miss Denzer, I thought he was stricken dead in his tracks," vouchsafed the professor, as he shook hands with the two ladies.



"Pshaw!" exclaimed Gulling; "a whistle couldn't hurt me."

"But, Uncle James, you said it almost knocked you down. Isn't that supposed to be a painful operation?"

"I meant the shock, Grace, the shock. I didn't say it had a fist or a club, did I? It was just simply the sensation, the horror of the thing, that staggered me—and it would have staggered anybody."

Halstead remained until half-past eleven, and the quartet heard "La Paloma" pass the gate. Grace stood beside Halstead, scoffing until she heard the first faint notes far up the street. Then her ease departed and with it went her levity. As the thrill of the supernatural crushed out all lingering doubts she trembled like a leaf and unconsciously clasped the young man's arm, her nerves strained, her heart fearful.

"There!" was all that Gulling said, and they hurried into the house, the two women shivering as if a cold blast had swept over them unexpectedly. It is permissible to invade the privacy of Grace's chamber and say that she slept none that night. Her mother was not asleep, either, when the girl crawled shivering from her own bed in an adjoining room and rapped at her door, asking admission. The promptness with which Mrs. Denzer admitted her daughter suggested relief rather than the annoyance which usually follows a disturbance in the night.

Within a week the whole town and university knew of the mystery and consternation filled the souls of all, skeptical and otherwise.

Mrs. Denzer and her daughter had become accustomed to the weird nocturnal visits of the phantom musician, and were reveling in a perfect ebullency of excitement. For the first few nights the approach of the whistler had sent an algid sensation through their persons, and it was not a literal agrypnotic that kept them awake until drowsiness could no longer be denied. They had callers every night, legions of them. Mr. Gulling's was the most attractive place in town, men being drawn there by the natural and the supernatural.

The event which placed Mr. Gulling on a sick bed with a raging fever, came to pass one evening, when Halstead entered the house (as, for that matter, he had every evening of late), with a newspaper in his hand. Shoving the paper fairly into the biologist's face, he cried:

"Read that, Mr. Gulling!"

Mr. Gulling read the article designated and turned pale. He read it again. Then he tremblingly glanced at the date line. There he read:

"Oct. 14, 189—." It was then November 12, almost a month after the day on which the paper was issued.

"Good Heaven! What—what do you—you think, Halstead. You don't mean that—that—" he gasped, starting up.

"It's the most reasonable solution I can see. To me the mystery is explained."

"Let me read it, then," cried Miss Denzer, snatching the paper from her uncle's hand.

"Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 189—. Fritz Lieb, a young music teacher, residing at No. 1473 E. Richardson street, committed suicide last night, cutting his throat from ear to ear with a razor. His body was found this morning by a pupil, George Stallings. Lieb had been in low spirits for some time, poverty and disappointment in love undoubtedly driving him to the performance of this last deed. He was a German, a graduate of Jones College, and is said to have possessed considerable talent. The dead man has no relatives in this country and the body was taken to the morgue."

"That was about the time I first heard the whistle," murmured Mr. Gulling. They looked at each other dumbly, all with the same thought in mind.

"The same serenade that love and life inspired," observed Halstead.

The next morning Gulling remained in bed with a fever. Dr. Doper came and doped him; his sister and niece attended him; his friends proceeded to express intense interest in his condition. He utterly refused to permit any one in the house to go to bed that night un-

til "La Paloma" had passed his windows. On the next night he slept in a different room, to which the sounds from the street came not so distinctly. Halstead sat up with him that night and announced to the alarmed Mrs. Denzer, who had gone to bed without the knowledge of the sick man, and whose door the young man had to pass on his way from the house, that he was afraid Mr. Gulling was getting delirious.

With his illness went his good nature. The physicians were not puzzled over his ailment; they announced at once that it was superinduced by intense nervousness, a long siege of sleeplessness, and the usual change which had taken place in a life-long system of quietude. They furthermore said that he might not recover unless removed from the haunted house. Mr. Gulling agreed to the removal, but refused to leave the place until three eminent scientists from a distant college, all friends of his, had come to the town on their promised tour of investigation. He was determined to be on the ground when they were deprived of their unbelief and convinced of the existence of the strange phenomenon. In the meantime, he demanded the utmost attention and insisted on company in the sick room until midnight, at least.

When Prof. Halstead readily agreed to sit up every night until that hour, it was not with the idea of sacrificing himself for his colleague. It was with the selfish understanding that he would be near the sick man's niece. He no longer concealed from himself the truth of his feelings; they expressed love too plainly to be ignored. It is a very hard matter to determine the condition of a woman's feelings by mere physical analysis, so there is only conjecture concerning Miss Denzer's strange inclination to stay up and assist the professor, inasmuch as one watcher is generally supposed to be sufficient in cases where mild fever exists.

A telegram came after Gulling had been ill for five or six days, informing him that his friends, Drs. Smith, Steele

and Gowdy, would arrive from Boston that same night. Halstead met them at the station, took them to the hotel, and explained the situation as it existed at Gulling's. The three distinguished men were to come to the house at eleven o'clock that night with Dr. Smithson.

The young professor went down to Mr. Gulling's about eight o'clock that evening. Having satisfied himself that Mr. Gulling was resting easily, he boldly suggested to Miss Denzer that they sit in the next room, and give him a chance to go to sleep. It was evident that both were of the opinion that he needed sleep, for she accompanied him unhesitatingly, first tucking the coverlet around Mr. Gulling's feet as if she expected to be away from him for some time. The patient said "Thank you," and very inconsiderately rolled over, undoing all that she had done for him.

The light was dim in the adjoining room, and Halstead made no effort to increase its brightness. He preferred the loneliness which darkness inspires. Loneliness with her was not the kind of loneliness which is defined in the dictionary.

"Uncle James is no better, the doctor says. Mamma is very much worried. She fears he will lose his mind if we don't get him away from here soon," observed Grace, as she turned an easy chair to the blazing fire-place. Halstead dropped into a comfortable rocker close at hand, but did not assume a comfortable position. He sat rather erectly, and did not know what to do with his hands.

"We'll get him away after the wise men have come and gone," said the professor, rather unhappily.

"Yes, and I shall be so glad, too."

There was a two-minute pause before Halstead lamely remarked: "I suppose you will be glad to get away from here yourself."

"Oh, no—only on uncle's account. I have had such a good time, even if it has been an unusual one. We have met so many people that I admire. You are all so charming here," she replied,

smiling vaguely, not at him, but at the charred corner of the big back log.

"Thank you," he returned gloomily. A rather embarrassing silence was broken by the pensive young man, who ceased gnawing his mustache long enough to say: "Let me see; how long have you been here?"

"Just five weeks—an age, it seems, doesn't it?"

"Does it? I—I hadn't thought so."

"Well, it does."

"I—we all tried to make your days pass pleasantly—under the circumstances, Miss Denzer."

"I know you did, and I am so grateful. I meant that it has been an age of pleasure."

"Oh, did you? That's different," and he laughed as heartily, as unrestrainedly, as if he were enjoying a joke of his own. For a moment the blazing fire grew dim; something blurred his eyes; he felt a dizzy sensation in his head, but he did not wonder what caused the change. All lovers can understand such moments.

"You didn't think I meant that it had been unpleasant after all the fun we have had, did you?" she cried, glancing at him with a sly twinkle in her eyes. Halstead was rocking vigorously and was doing his best to steady his voice, as he answered, indefinitely:

"That's right—hal ha!—isn't it? Hal ha!—we—we have—had—some—good times, haven't we? I'll never forget them—never!" The last exclamation was so manifestly tragic that he was compelled to stop rocking his chair. She glanced quickly at the back-log again.

"I don't see why you should remember them," she hastily observed.

"You don't?" he demanded in astonishment. Then his courage departed, just as it does on all such occasions, and he said, more lamely than ever: "Because—they were such deuced good times, you see."

"Just hear that wind! How it blows," she said, shudderingly, after a moment's pause.

"Shall I get you a wrap?" he asked, quite foolishly.

"Heavens, no! It is roasting in here. I referred to the wind outdoors."

"Oh, I—I see," and he lapsed into silence.

"If it keeps up blowing, uncle will not be able to hear the whistle, nor will the three wise men."

"Mr. Gulling will, if he has to whistle it himself."

"They will be here soon, won't they?"

"Who?" he demanded, sharply.

"The wise men—the whistle seekers."

"Oh, yes—yes—" fumbling with his watch—"in half an hour." Under his breath: "Confound them!"

"I don't know when I've heard the wind whistle down a chimney as it does tonight," Grace was compelled to say a moment later. Her toes were toasting on the fenders, but her hands were as cold as ice.

"Neither do I," vouchsafed Halstead, mopping the perspiration from his brow.

"You seem to be warm, Prof. Halstead. Shall we open a window?" There was another of those dangerous twinkles in her eyes, a twinkle of long-standing intelligence. Her woman's intuition had long since accounted for Halstead's behavior. She had seen other men in her time, brief as it was.

"No, no. I—I am very comfortable," he stammered. "The fact is, I don't know why I perspire so; it's unusual. I don't understand it."

"I do!" she cried with startling suddenness.

"You—you do!" he exclaimed, turning as red as the coals before him. With a feeble laugh he managed to go on with: "You must be a magician—a physician, I mean,—to know so much. What is it—er—smarty?"

Miss Denzer's peal of laughter brought an exclamation of wonder from Mr. Gulling in the next room, and caused Halstead to start as if he had been shot, partly in surprise and partly in humiliation over the brilliant remark which had elicited this wild display of mirth.

"Pardon me," she cried, tears of laughter in her eyes. "Shall I tell you what I know?"

"If you can," he said, stiffly.

"Well, it's this: You perspire because it is such an effort to tell me what you want to say. Isn't that so? Now, isn't—"

"Not now—not now! But it was, you little witch." Restraining himself he said in a very dignified manner, well assumed: "If you know so much, perhaps you know what I wanted to tell you. In that case I can save myself the trouble of telling you, don't you know?"

"I am no mind-reader."

"Shall I tell it, then?"

"Not unless you have the inclination, sir."

Mr. Smithson and the three wise men from the East rang the doorbell four times before they received a response. As Dr. Gowdy said afterward, it was devilish cold out on the steps, too. He, of course, did not know that Grace and Halstead were deaf to doorbells, to wintry winds and to ghostly expectations of all sorts. What they said and did has but little bearing upon the incidents which go to make up the body of this rather fantastic tale, so we will generously admit the visitors and announce the result of their investigation.

Mr. Gulling greeted them with a feeble hilarity, and they seated themselves about his bed-chamber, a trifle stiffly, and very much as if they thought themselves idiotic for indulging in a wild-goose chase of pure sentiment. They felt that they were far above ghosts.

Half past eleven came, and all ears were bent to catch the first note of "La Paloma." Strange to say, they were bent in vain. Twelve o'clock passed and no whistle. Mr. Gulling was delirious with anxiety, Halstead was covered with wonder, and something akin to humiliation, Mrs. Denzer and Grace found good excuses for retiring, Smithson looked the personification of a happy sneer, and the three wise men could

not conceal the fact that they were bored. One of them almost dropped to sleep in his chair. And so the whistler disappointed them on the first night. It was shameful!

They agreed to come on the next night, Gulling assuring them that the unseen musician would return and whistle louder than ever in order to atone for his inexcusable neglect. But the next night was like the first. There was no whistle, not even the faintest piping sound of the bewitched air. Not only Gulling, but the whole town was thunderstruck, covered with consternation over a mystery which bade fair to eclipse the original piece of wonder. The wise men went home.

And thus the bottom fell out of the mystery, leaving open an endless avenue for speculation, more inexorable than ever.

Two days after the departure of the wise men, Halstead rushed into Gulling's home with a piece of news which had already been accorded wide-spread circulation, allowing the populace an opportunity to produce a solution of the most startling character.

"Mr. Gulling! Mrs. Denzer! Grace!" he gasped, breathlessly. "I have news! I think I know why the serenades have ceased forever."

"Why?" shouted Gulling, almost leaping out of bed.

"Because there is no one to serenade."

"What!"

"Listen to this telegram, received this afternoon and sent last night:

'Cleveland, O., Nov. 19.

'W. H. Halstead, Jones' College:

'My Constance died this morning in St. Elizabeth hospital, of brain fever, brought about by Fred Lieb's suicide. Notify our friends.

ELIZABETH STRONG.'



## BOOKS OF THE DAY

"King Noanett." By F. J. Stimson,  
(F. S. of Dale.) Lamson, Wolfe &  
Co., Boston.

The advent of "King Noanett" is rightly regarded as one of the most notable literary occurrences of the year. The book comes upon us with all of that rare charm and adventure which pervades the romantic tales of the Middle Ages. There is a freshness, an originality, a simplicity about it all that at once places it apart from our more or less conventionalized bookdom of the day. It possesses the unmistakable qualities of positive merit, qualities so potently felt by the reader as to provoke at every stage of the reading the readiest appreciation and approval. The touch of pure chivalry that characterizes it throughout places it closely akin to Stanley Wyman's two historical romances, "A Gentleman of France" and "Under the Red Robe." The poetical quality it contains allies it to such American classics as Longfellow's "Evangeline" and "Courtship of Myles Standish." The story itself is cleverly told and quite as cleverly manipulated; it weaves about itself an atmosphere at once quaint and beautiful, and a style that enchants to the very end. There is nothing fresher, nor more pleasing than the way in which Mr. Stimson has conceived and executed his work. Ignoring entirely the accepted canons in favor among modern novelists, he has gone straight to the heart of nature, and has penned something that breathes in every line a spirit and a beauty like that which emanates from the natural world about us. Our senses are captivated and charmed by that same indescribable, pleasure-giving element—fascinating, subtle, elusive—that creeps in upon us at those times when we are rightly susceptible to nature's moods.

It is then that we love our environment for its inherent qualities; it is then also that we love a book, as expressive of these native qualities, as is "King Noanett."

Apart from the literary and aesthetic merit of the book, the volume possesses in addition a distinct historical value. Its sub-title is "A Story of Old Virginia and the Massachusetts Bay," a consideration which involved on the writer's part the duty of giving us an adequate historical setting for his tale. This Mr. Stimson has not only adequately done, but accurately. Nor has he overdone it; clogging the progress of the plot by inserting pages of such matter as ought properly to come only between the covers of a history. The balance has been well struck in the beginning, and throughout the book well sustained. Concerning the personages of the volume, nothing but what is laudatory can be said. Perhaps if one were to localize the charm of the entire book, he would find it to lie in the two characters, Miles Courtenay and the narrator, Brampfyld Carew; the first certainly deserving of a permanent place among the characters of American fiction. Of the book itself one cannot restrain the prophecy that despite its being a birth of to-day, it cannot eventually rank otherwise than among the best in American literature.

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"Quo Vadis." By Henryk Sienkiewicz.  
Translated from the Polish by Jeremias Curtin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

There are few periods in the world's history so well calculated to furnish material for the historical novel as the days of Rome under the tyrant Nero. But the chronicler who attempts so stupendous an undertaking must needs be a master hand; else his book falls



little short of being a burlesque. The portrayal of the "Eternal City" at that time, of the bestial excesses of the court and of Rome's social life, together with the martyrdom of early Christianity, are scenes too colossal to be trifled with. The pen that aspires the drawing of a series of pictures so great must realize beforehand its task, otherwise failure in the result is indicative of sheer (?) stupidity.

That the author of "Quo Vadis" neither under-estimated his task at the outset, nor fell short of his standard during its progress, is plainly shown in the final product of the book itself. The work stands as a really remarkable picture of the time. The writer's imaginative grasp and assimilation of so vast an amount of material, shows more than anything else how consummate is the narrative power of this Polish author. He has taken one of the greatest and most prolific epochs of history, and with his strength of concentration has focused the whole period upon the stage of his narrative. The scenes of the court, the arena, the great fire; the customs and manners of the day are all depicted with a minuteness and fidelity to history capable to no one of less vigor of description than Sienkiewicz. In the reading of the book, one realizes something of how terrible, how morally rotten, was the Roman Empire under Nero's reign, and how ripe was the time for the coming of some such deep reaching an influence as Christianity. One understands more clearly the animality of the Roman feasts, the appetites of the different classes, the vanity, pomp and glory of the Emperor himself. In "Quo Vadis" the reader catches a glimpse, too, of how wonderful was the gradual dawn of morality upon a paganized people, and at what great cost the foundation of Christianity was laid. The whole situation reads more like a romance than the tragedy of a civilization. And apart from all this there is the absorbing interest which attaches itself to the working out of the plot. It is this that makes the

book so well worth the reading, that marks "Quo Vadis" as perhaps the most noteworthy historical novel of the time and theme.

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"Sister Jane, Her Friends and Acquaintances." By Joel Chandler Harris. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The author of "Uncle Remus" has, with the single exception of Uncle Remus himself, drawn no character quite so natural and so thoroughly representative of old Southern life as his last, "Sister Jane." One will have to admit that this personage possessed some strongly individualized traits, some womanly, some more or less manly, but the composite character wins at every turn our ready admiration, not our love, for her spirit of independence and reliability. The other characters introduced into the book are without exception faithfully depicted Southern types. Indeed, we could expect nothing else from so inimitable a master of portrayal as Mr. Harris has proved himself to be. It is now some years ago that he found his proper field, and having realized it, has ventured on nothing save that of which he was thoroughly capable. That he has no equal within these particular limits, no critics have felt called upon to gainsay.

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"My Young Master." By Opie Read. Laird & Lee, Chicago.

With the exception of Mr. Harris, no writer living today understands the conditions and the people of the South land so well as Mr. Read, who is himself a Southerner and a lover of its traditions and customs. "My Young Master" is a book of the average strength, dealing slightly more with the serious aspect of things than is generally its author's habit. Its presentation of the social conditions in the ante-bellum days may be met with exception by some readers, but its loyalty to truth only adds to its value as a carefully drawn picture of those times.

Mr. Read in all of his books is invariably entertaining and generally humorous, but never more so than when he has in hand the portrayal of some of his unique Southern types. His last book, as has been said, deals considerably with the sterner side of life, and contains, perhaps solely for that reason, more literary merit than characterizes his previous novels.

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"The Influence of the Zodiac Upon Human Life." By Eleanor Kirk. Published by the author, Brooklyn, N. Y.

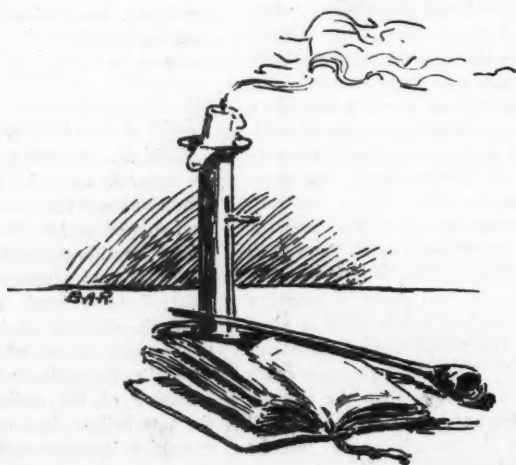
For those who are desirous of understanding themselves, of discovering the causes and the cures for glaring faults and puzzling idiosyncrasies, who are anxious to know in what particular line their talents lie, and how they can succeed spiritually, morally, and financially, this volume is a key that unlocks the door to valuable treasures. It is the only simplified astrological work in the world. All other books on this subject are involved, abstruse, and mathematical. In this book the solutions are given instead of the sums. One has only to know the month and day of his or her birth to find every

virtue, talent, fault and inconsistency clearly depicted, with a panacea for the troublesome conditions, and a way of developing every mental attribute. To study this book is to "know thyself."

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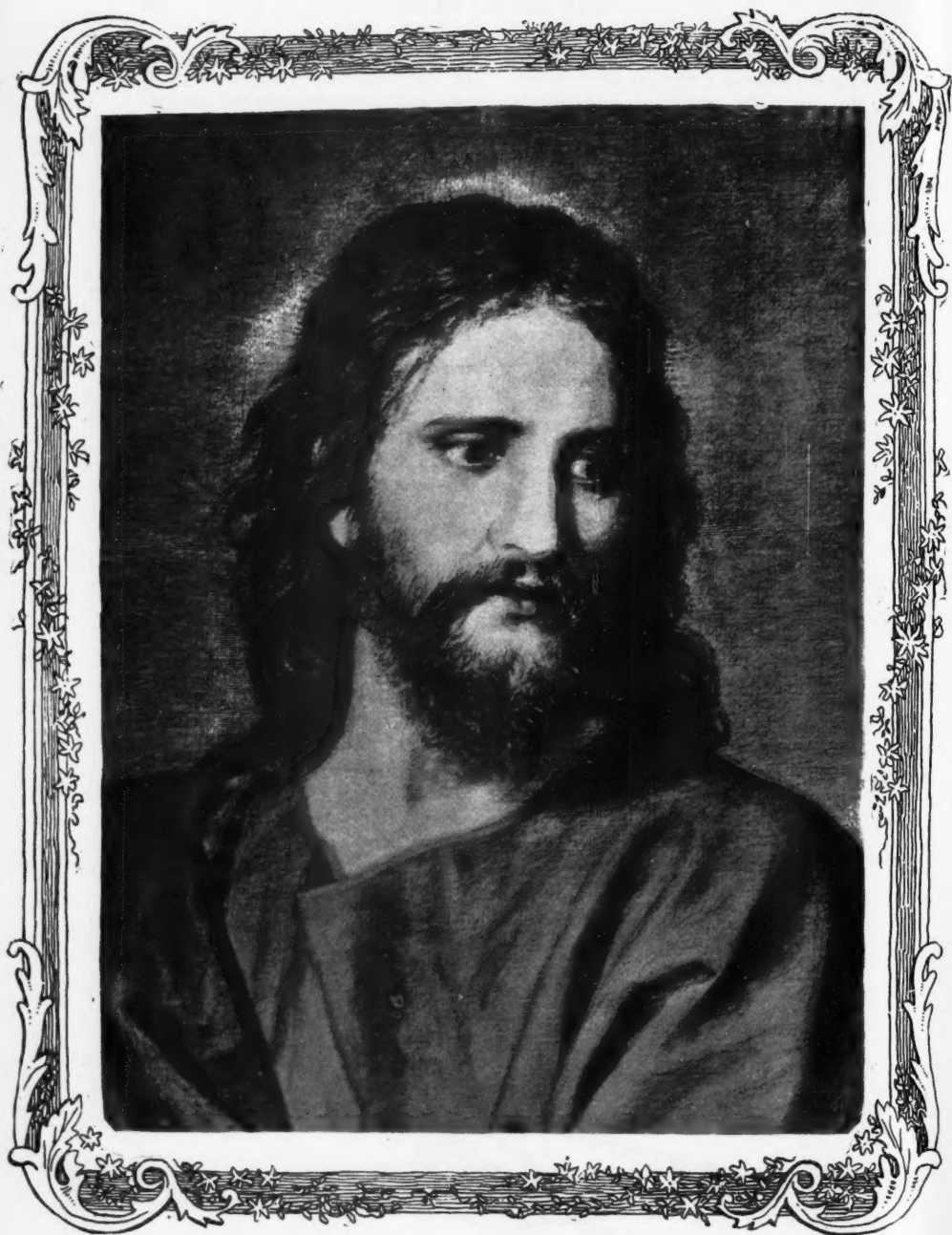
"Infallible Logic." By Thomas D. Hawley, of the Chicago Bar. Published by the Author: Chicago, Ill.

A work descriptive of one of the most remarkable intellectual discoveries made since the time of Aristotle. The problem of the ages—to find an infallible system of reasoning from non-mathematical propositions—has reached its nearest solution, according to the writer, in the discovery of the system which is described in this book. The system is as certain and infallible in its results as the multiplication table. Given any complex proposition, this system will automatically yield every proposition which is consistent or inconsistent with the premises. The system cannot err. It will remove doubt and uncertainty from the reasoning process, and will enable every disputant to show his opponent just where the fallacy lies in his reasoning. The book is unquestionably of great value to all lawyers, editors, ministers and teachers.



St. John's Christian Association,  
Not to be taken from the room.





Head of Christ, from Hofmann's Painting, "Christ and the Rich Ruler"